

I'm walking!!

I've been up and walking again, for about a month now.

It's wonderful to be vertical once more, after almost 5 years in a wheelchair! My legs are strong again, but my feet have opted-out on the new walking thing, so they remain...asleep. I guess.

So, if barefoot, I can only stand there. My feet won't go forward, without me toppling over. So, I now own a new pair of orthopedic shoes, and with them, I can walk. Slowly, wobbly, and cattywompus, with a cane. But, I can walk!

No more boasting about being able to go barefoot, and only having one pair of shoes (my squishy pink crocs, that you'd THINK would be sufficient enough for walking, but no, I have to wear real, bonafide, certified, full-blown SHOES now.) They are ugly. And that's what I get, for so many things. Foot things. ...nevermind.

So, I am up again, and at the relatively young age of 50, am getting around like a 99+ year old. I take short, scuffly little steps, slowly, stopping on occasion, but not to smell the roses. I have to pause so I don't fall down. My dog and cat are excited at this new curiosity in the home, wondering what's going on. All this time, they've been using me for a free taxi ride through the house, in the electric wheelchair. The dog always rode on my lap, and the cat up on the headrest. It reminded me of my favorite Bloom County character, Cutter John, with all his animal friends with him on his chair.

I asked my husband to hide my chair away, so I don't have to look at it anymore. I'm moving forward. God is so good!

He humbled me, He strengthened me. All according to His will.

I'm happy to have strength again, and be up and walking.

But I would have also accepted it and trusted Him if He saw fit to keep me that way, or even weaker. Strong or weak, I'm His, and I'm gonna praise Him!

Amy Lohrman Hall

Sunday Jan. 19, 2020



April 18, 2020

I guess I'll go ahead and start a journal.

This will be the first entry. I tried this a couple of months ago, but it fizzled out. That, and I forgot the name I used.

So, here we go. Day 1 of journaling. It's been a long time since I've written journal style stuff - just everyday things and random thoughts. I probably won't write every day, or even every week. I just don't know yet.

I need to start fresh, and do something new.

Tonight I walked in the yard in the moonlight, just paced, back and forth, exercising my legs and feet. I've been up and walking now for 3 or 4 months? ...and just discovered I can actually walk barefoot again. But, I'm still going to take care of my feet, and wear shoes (squishy crocs) as much as possible.

I've been married now for over ten years, and we're still chugging along, now in our 50's. Senior Citizen marriage isn't all that bad after all. When I was younger I thought middle age was an awful state of wretched despair and disrepair, but come to find out, it's very nice and relaxing. I'm comfortable being 50. I spent my 40's broken down and physically confounded, and now that I'm 50, I'm improving and getting stronger. So I will probably forever associate getting older with getting better. That's the way I've decided it's going to be.

I don't plan on talking about the people in my life in this journal - I will keep them private. So, this

will be a container for my random thoughts and observations, stuff and little things about me personally, and probably lots of thoughts about God. It might be boring and complex, all at once.

Also, being a journal, I'll make little to no effort to be organized in my thoughts, it's a journal, who cares?

Currently it's 4:34 am, my husband is playing a game (xbox stuff) on mute because the shots and bangs and explosion sounds rattle my nerves, I'm drinking hot tea, and I'm wondering how people are coping with this virus ordeal all over the world, in homes and places that aren't so comfortable and friendly. Or safe. May God help and bless us all, according to His will.

amycat1010

April 19, 2020

I live low by choice.

I learned, the higher you climb up that ladder in life, the harder the fall when it comes. And it will come eventually, in some form or fashion, no matter who you are.

So, I live on the bottom step on the life ladder.

If things happen, I'm already close to the ground.

Never again do I want to experience, even remotely, what it felt like when I first fell through the cracks. The most painful thing wasn't the event(s) themselves - but how it felt to be the only one, among those who were strong, healthy, functioning, and in the normal way of doing things. I didn't envy them, or wish to trade places with any of them, but it felt terrible to be the suddenly weak one, the needy one, the powerless one, among those who were still strong.

My mind was more locked up than my body, and I couldn't express or communicate my thoughts, concerns, and specific needs at the time. So I rocked along, confused, weak, unstable, and bewildered, buying time, just hoping for the day to come that I could figure it all out and make sense of things. Make plans, and get on with it. On my own, like I always was.

That day never came, my mind and body never returned to it's former state, but I had to get up and get going regardless. With a broken mind and body I moved forward, and made some of the biggest changes of my life so far.

So about that bottom step on the Ladder of Life - it's a good place to be, once you've lost it all, and tried without success to regain it. The bottom step is safe. It's paid off for me, again and again. When the winds of change blow, I can barely feel it. I have nothing to lose.

I've been living this way for about a decade now. I see the winds of change blowing like crazy, all over the world, and people's lives getting turned all around and upside down because of it. I watch and look for, and find, those insightful observations here and there, people saying they're done with trying to do this or that, keep up with this and that, stress over this, fight over that. I'm seeing others, for the first time, question the rat race, and striving for all the things today's world tells us to obtain and achieve.

People are waking up. Who'd have thunk a virus could be helpful?

I might have to move over and make room on this bottom step, it looks like lots more people are coming to join me here.

amycat1010

April 21, 2020

I really need a new internet name, if I'm going to be keeping an online journal. Because there's just too much content already with this name, and it's distracting to me. And probably confusing to other people. Lots of old junky cartoons, and random stuff that's not really related at all, associated with this name. Then, my audio recordings about all the deep life things, and the God things. And the text things about God.

It's sort of an evolution of content. I wish I could explain it all, but it doesn't even all make sense to me. (how it all came from the same person).

The only content that I did, that remotely makes sense to me, is the God things, because He's all that makes sense to me, in real life. He's the only thing I know for sure. Everything else is just random fluff from my stupid brain.

I'm creative, so He let me go through this process online. I've left a trail of construction on the internet. Oh, speaking of, I heard me and the internet were born the same year - 1969.

About this current name, amycat1010 - it has nothing to do with cats. It's short for Amy Catherine. Another one of my internet names, Shalimarlady Amy - has nothing to do with the perfume called Shalimar, that I found out later Avon ladies who sold it called themselves Shalimar Ladies. This is definitely not the case with me. I am not an Avon Lady, and I am most certainly not selling any perfume. "Shalimar" means "by the beautiful sea", and I gave myself that blogging name in 2012, after my husband and I moved back to this area, that was once called Shalimar. There is still a nearby town called Shalimar, but in the past this whole area had that name. Anyway. And the "lady" part I threw in there, to remind myself that I was still a Lady, after everything I had just gone through.

So, having now outgrown these names, and tired of everything I've been doing online all this time, I want to go back to simple everyday journaling, but.... what do I do about my name?

What will I call myself, to start fresh with?

Something I won't forget.

wait...

I think I got it... yes, I think...

how about "amysnewinternetname"?

no, that's stupid.

"amysnewname"?

no

amyswrite?

no, because

\*sigh\*

...I give up.

How about I just stay amycat1010, and move forward.





April 22, 2020

It's so hard to watch the "news" right now, with all the people against the president ripping to shreds literally everything he says and does. Trying to find just basic, unbiased news is like walking through your dog-poop filled backyard at night - you never know what you're going to step in.

I put "news" in quotes, because nothing is real news anymore. If I watch a bit of news, it's to check in and see what's being fed to us. I never watch the news to be truly and honestly informed.

Also, I am not into politics, and put my trust in no man.

It makes me sick to see our current president bashed on everything, though. What a waste of time and energy. Don't those people know how to pray for our leaders? No matter who's in charge? I guess not. Ok. So, if they can't pray that God will help them to make the right decisions, then why not use some energy and effort into actually HELPING the situation, whatever it is that they don't think he's handling right? Instead, all they do is sit and throw mud on his face. The worst comes from within the government itself. All I see are spoiled children throwing insults like mud on him, tearing down morale, just throwing poop everywhere. And the president has to defend himself constantly, which shouldn't be. More time wasted. His energy and effort shouldn't have to be drained on explaining his every word and move, but that's how opposing forces work. Their words are designed to undermine and discourage, not actually help.

What we're seeing in the United States politics right now isn't so strange to those of us who know this kind of behavior and attacks on a personal level. The president is hated. When we're hated, nothing we say or do is left alone - it's all fodder and fuel for our enemies. They sit and wait, ready

to tear down our words and actions. It's a game for them, sport. They love it.

Have you ever been hated? Then you know how your words - every one of them - are taken out of context and twisted, before being repeated, in order to spread the negative light on you, and hopefully turn others against you. You know how that goes. You probably learned how to correct the lies, and defend yourself (like the president is doing), but you probably also learned that silence is your best route to take, with certain individuals. When it gets to the point of your own words being used as ammunition against you, you say ok... no more words for them.

Then, suddenly, when you withdraw yourself, you become the bad guy. Because with those who hate you, you just can't win. This is something we all need to accept and move on from. We have to accept our losses, and go forward, leaving those who hate us behind. If you are a Christian, you know exactly what I'm talking about.

It's important, however, to forgive everyone. Don't move on with a bitter unforgiving heart. Cleanse your heart of unforgiveness, and quickly pray on it when you feel resentment and toxic bitterness try to creep back in. Jesus is the One who does this for us, not counselors or psychologists or self-help books or motivational speakers. Only Jesus.

It's ok and good to cut cords and move on, but always beware of unforgiveness. It's a sin, and you can't carry it with you into heaven.

So, when you see our current president enduring these relentless underminings and attacks, if you're a Christian, pray for him, that God will give him the strength to carry out his duties, and that he will make wise decisions. But also, when you see these attacks, think on your own life, and how you've experienced this kind of thing, and who you might need to forgive. (and get away from).

But, if you're like the scoffers, mockers, underminers - you need to stop, and take a look at what you're doing. Are you the toxic voice in someone else's ear? Do you put your energy into slandering those who you disagree with and hate? If so, have you seen any good results from this? Do you think your toxic words are helping anything?

Back to politics - no matter who's in office, no matter how much I disagree with them or what they're doing - I'm not going to waste my time or energy on slandering them, getting angry, or protesting in the streets. Instead, I will pray for that leader, no matter who it is. Because I know Who's really in charge, and God hears our prayers and answers accordingly, if we don't ask amiss. (if we don't ask Him for things to feed our own selfish desires)

I always preface my prayer requests with, "Lord, if it's Your will..." and I trust Him in the answer. I do pray frequently for this or that, but never based on my own will. Did you know, living and going on our own wills is as witchcraft? Putting our own will before God's will is as witchcraft, and those who practice this will not see heaven.

I know that mentioning prayer as a better endeavor for the president's enemies is futile, because most of his enemies are not the faith filled type. Ok. So they will choose to stay in the dark, and be angry and hate filled. But prayer is still the answer, whether they choose to pick it up or not.

amycat1010

## Funny Work Stories: The Chair

I wonder how much I've written in my lifetime. If I would have saved any of it, maybe I'd know. I can't save anything I write. Makes me feel clogged up. Same feeling I get when I've done a painting, and it just sits there, on the wall. I don't think our own creations are meant to remain with us, whether it's art, or music, or writing, or even your kids. Everything that comes from you is supposed to go through you and out into the world. If I hold on to things, I get depressed.

I've only met one person in my life who has the urge to get rid of things worse than me, and that's a lady I worked with several years ago, in 2002 or 03. She was known for being very emotional and tempermental, but this took the cake: I walked into the break room one day and saw one of the chairs...just....sitting on top of the trash can. One of the chairs that we used at the table. Every day. To eat.

The chair looked very sad, as if someone had tried to throw it away, but discovered at the last minute that break room chairs do not fit into trash cans, and just gave up. And left it there, perched on top of the trash can.

I was standing there, observing this, wondering who on earth did this, and why. The chair was not damaged in any way. Then, in she walks. My coworker. I said, "Will you look at this! There's a chair in the trash!" And she said, "Yeah, I did that. I hate that chair."

I looked at her, thinking she must be kidding. I laughed. But no, she was dead serious. She then said, "It's ugly!"

I looked at it more carefully. Maybe she had a point. After a careful observation, I decided that this chair was no more ugly than all the rest in the break room. I said, "Um, that's one of the chairs that we use!" She then started cussing and said something to the effect of, I can pull it out if I want to, she didn't care one way or the other...

I remember this woman and think, thank goodness, there's somebody out there with a worse compulsion to throw things away than I have. At least I don't get rid of other people's things.

Well actually that's not true. But I can't tell it here, because in the rare event my ex-husband gets desperately bored and stumbles upon this blog, he might see it, and then I'd be busted. I can say this: it has to do with family heirloom silverware, brought over here around the turn of the century. It was hidden away in an old laundry hamper, wrapped in old sheets. In the garage.

And I had a garage sale one time. And donated everything left over. But I swear, I know nothing about that blue hamper with the folded white sheets that was sort of unusually heavy for a mere hamper with sheets in it.\*

But about getting rid of things, I really do want to stop. And I want to stop getting rid of everything I create. No, I don't want to be normal, just a little more mature. But only in the areas that matter to me.

Most people have the problem of holding on too much, and have trouble letting go....but I have the opposite problem. I suppose both are equally bad.

\*it was an accident, I promise.

## From the Vault: A Day In 2008

Well it looks like I'll be getting back into the health food stores. Work, I mean. Selling herbs. The very thing I decided not to do anymore, after what happened to my head. After all that I've adopted a new attitude: it's not my problem. Your health issues, that is. Because would it even be right to go back to selling supplements and telling folks what to put in their bodies when I was hit upside the head? WAIT!! I just realized! Not only is it right, but it adds to my whole selling charm! It doesn't compromise a thing! How come I never looked at it this way before? I recovered from encephalitis, the most nasty thing to happen to your head. Just the sound of it is nasty. I bounced back and the only thing different (like I said in previous blog) is my slightly spacey memory. I was thinking about it today and realized, all that means is that I just need to try a little harder. I just haven't been trying I think.

So I can be like, yes, see here Mr. Customer, take this herb and this one and that one too! Take them all! Listen to what I say because I am super-healthy as evidenced by my complete recovery from a bad brain infection.

But about the job thing. I'm dangerous. I'm doing it my way now. All this time I've been playing by these new rules, where you go in and ask for an application, only to be told to go home and apply online. I've been doing this for about 3 months now? 4? 5? I've lost track. I don't know if it's the schedule I'm applying for, or the fact that I haven't been employed in over a year that's holding me back. Who knows. Well I do know the schedule thing is a catch, the place I almost got hired at only needs daytime help, but I can only work in the evenings, because I'm sharing a car with my mom. If it weren't for that I would have been hired this week. But this virtual application deal doesn't work for me. I need human contact. And so that's what I'm going to do. This is how I always used to get jobs in the past. I don't know why I'm just now doing it. I typed up my own version of a resume. It's short, funny, and cute. And then, I take several copies and deposit them generously, like candied sprinkles on cupcakes, all over town, not calling first, not asking, "are you hiring?" and other trivial things. No. This is what works for me. Just walk on in & smile, shake whatever hand is around, put my li'l paper in hand, turn, and walk away. This is exactly how I got my last job and the one before, too. It just sort of goes with me. I'm tired of trying to get a job the real way.

So. I already have about 5 health food stores in mind. New ones that I didn't know existed. I got online & searched in some nearby cities, some smaller places. Yes. I got my eye on a few mom & pop stores. I'm going to do my thing tomorrow. And I'm going to be ballsy.

I guess since this is a new blog I should say, I lost everything when this happened to me. My apartment, job, daughter had to go live with her dad. My state of mind was just blank. Seizures, limping, slurred speech. Perfectly happy to stare at a blank wall all day. I've downplayed it all this time in blogs, mainly because it was too hard to face the reality of it all. In fact I've only recently been processing a lot of it and just now grasping the fact that I really did lose everything. Oh and my car too! On top of everything else, I lost my car. I gave it to a relative when I couldn't afford the repairs, thinking a new one would

magically appear in my life. It hasn't. I gave it to the relative for him to sell, because he's the one who got it for me to begin with, and I wanted to repay him. So it's not like I just lost my mind and gave away my car.

This has been painfully slow, getting back up and running. If you've never experienced a health crisis and had to drop everything there's no way you'd understand. In fact I never really had that much sympathy for unemployed or disabled folks until now. Now I see the hurdles they have to overcome to get back into the swing of things. And the funny thing is- most of the hurdles are mental! Like, psychological! It's the weirdest thing! Just keeping yourself motivated and keeping yourself afloat is hard. You get depressed. You feel worthless. I've pretty much felt as if I've slipped through the cracks of life.



## **random things that went wrong at work, that were my fault: Emu Oil (2009)**

This one is fairly recent. Last month I walked into the vitamin department, where a coworker was telling a customer all about emu oil. The customer had it slathered all up and down her arms, going, oooh, it's so rich, and ahhh, how lovely! and stuff like that. The lady then asked my coworker, where does it come from? She glanced over at me. We both went blank.

Then it hit me. I thought I knew. I thought of birds, and ducks, and oily feathers. I thought of glands. I thought of swollen glands on dogs, you know where. I thought of dogs going to the vet to have said glands expressed.

And somehow, in my chain-reaction thinking process, I made the positive connection: that emu oil comes from glands located 'neath their tail feathers. I just guessed that's where the glands would be, seeing as how that's how dogs are. I wasn't making any of this up. I'm the very first to say, "I don't know" to a customer's question. But this one I was sure of.

So my reply was, "It comes from their glands".

The lady said, "which glands? ....these glands?" (pointing to her neck.)

I said, "No.... these glands!" (and I jokingly pointed to my butt.)

Yes.

I really did that.

Once she realized what I was saying, she glanced down at her oily arms and hands and exclaimed, "EEEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWWWW". It was in a disgusted way.

I turned red, like I always do, but I mentally patted myself on the back for knowing exactly where it came from.

Then, as I laid in bed that night waiting on sleep, I bolted up. It hit me.

Emu oil does NOT come from expressed swollen anal glands. No, it was something else...

So I got up and googled it. As it turns out, the oil is all throughout the bird and the bird is actually killed. The meat is used, and the oil that we sell is a by-product sort of thing.

Ok. Whatever.

I'm talking about this today because I slept way too long today and ended up having lots of fragmented bizarre dreams, one of which involved a puppy, and somebody just picked it up, popped off the tail, and

nevermind

## **Funny Work Stories: Hokey (2009)**

Was it '88? or '87?

I think it was '87. Yes. Yes it was. I was not yet 18. I was working at a pizza place. (not the one where I thought a pineapple pizza only had one chunk of pineapple on it, because one chunk weighed the right amount for one topping on a large pizza, according to the scale, and the Diabolical Chart on the wall that I was told NEVER TO STRAY FROM NO MATTER WHAT, and once said pizza came out of the oven, it was promptly spotted by the angry little managerial woman operating the other end with the big spatula thing, scooped up, and thrown into trash, while I was informed: G-D- AMY, IF I HAVE TO THROW AWAY ONE MORE PIZZA BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU'RE FIRED...)

No, it was a different pizza place. I quit the other one on my own, no need to stand around much longer and wait to be fired. That woman hated me. On the first day, she walked up to me, grabbed the edge of my Rolling Stones concert shirt that I had paid good money for, shook her head and said, What makes you think you can dress like this up here? You have no sleeves.

No, I didn't have sleeves. But nobody told me otherwise. So again, it wasn't that pizza place. It was this one, where I was told to hokey.

It was my first day. I was nervous. I was already struggling with my usual mental block that quickly formed upon learning the new registers, so my mind was already compromised when he said it.

The manager. A married man whose young wife would come up, hauling her kids along, and sit down and eat with him each day. I always observed them. I wondered, is he making her do this? Or is he deep down embarrassed that she's here?

We never bothered my dad at work. We stayed in our world while he went to his.

Other families have been fascinating me for as long as I can remember.

But back to the hokey. The manager was leaving for the night, and told me, You did a good job today Amy. All I need you to do before leaving is hokey. See you in the morning.

I stood there, nodded and smiled.

I thought I knew what he meant. I assumed "hokey" was pizza-place language for "hurry", or "put a little spring in your step!"

Isn't that what it sounds like?

So I was proud of myself that night as I closed the shop with a few other people, the

kitchen guys did their thing and I did mine. I hokeyed really well. I got everything done quickly. I straightened the chairs, wiped down the tables, you name it, I at least looked at it.

I left that night thinking, I "hokeyed".

Well, as it turns out, "hokey" is not slang for anything. Come to find out, it's a real thing. A hokey is that little hand broom thing that looks like a vacuum that somebody forgot to finish building. I found all this out the next day when I got there. The first thing the manager said to me was, "Amy, do you remember what I asked you to do before leaving last night?" I said yes, and smiled.

I remember this conversation. I remember the look on his face when I stood there and smiled. His eyebrows went up and he looked half annoyed/half quizzical. He said, "Well.... why didn't you do it?"

I told him I did, and I did it well. I told him I hokeyed.

He looked down on the floor, in both directions, and all around. He told me that he could tell with his own eyes that I did not hokey.

I wondered how he knew whether or not I hurried as I was cleaning. And I began to wonder, how can this matter? This went on for a minute or two. A big misunderstanding began to form like storm clouds, like it always did, while I was on the clock somewhere.

I have a whole string of these types of things in my memory bank, believe me.

So we went back and forth, me stating that I did in fact hokey, and he thinking me to be a liar, as he could plainly see that his shop had not been hokeyed.

The frustration to this conversation mounted until the once pleasant manager shook his head and said to me, "AMY- COME WITH ME."

I followed him down the hallway and watched as he opened up a little closet door. He impatiently reached inside and grabbed a little gray pole and pulled it out. He slammed this contraption down in front of me. He said, "THIS" (making sweeping movements with it) ... "THIS IS A HOKEY. "

I was shocked. The clouds cleared, and I realized at once the misunderstanding. I began to laugh uncontrollably and had to cross my legs and hold my tummy so I wouldn't pee my pants.

The manager did not laugh. I was beet red and did not regain my composure for the rest of the day. Actually I ended up quitting the next day.



# In the early 90's: The Stamps

Being a stay-at-home mom really gave me the time I needed to do things, such as, writing my own tracts and sending them anonymously to random addresses found in classified ads that were placed in the back of questionable magazines. One time I created a "tract", even though I had only been a Christian for a few years, still, I knew the basics and I had such passion flowing through my veins, I never understood it, I still don't. It seems like I've been doing this kind of thing, in one form or another, since the moment I got saved. I remember sitting on my bed one day at the age of 17, I had made copies of a Christian article, grabbed a stack of envelopes, not even knowing what I was going to do with it, but the passion thing just took over and I wanted to mushroom whatever message was given to me. On this day, I got down to the last article copy, and I noticed there was exactly one envelope left. I was surprised, seeing as how I had no idea how many copies I had made, nor did I know how many envelopes I had grabbed. These coincidences kept happening, and I began to see patterns and purpose in what I was doing. I didn't begin to tell anyone of the signs that were given to me until years later.

So about the tract I created. I made several hundred copies, stuffed them in envelopes, got the questionable addresses from the shady magazines, they were all ready to go, I was all set to save the world. Until it hit me: I didn't have any stamps. And each one required 2 stamps. And I had a few hundred or so to mail.

This is what I did. I didn't question anything. I closed my eyes, put my hands on the envelopes, and asked God to fund my mission. Then I went on with my day.

I don't know if it was later on that day, or that week, but soon after, my mom was going to Wal-Mart, and she invited me to come along with her, she wanted to buy me a bathing suit. I have no idea why. I was married, and the only place I ever went swimming was at my own house. Or, my ex-husband's house. I never viewed it as my own. (another blog entirely)

So I went to Wal-Mart and picked out a bathing suit and went into the dressing rooms to try it on. Wal-Mart has tons of dressing rooms to choose from, you go in and there's lots of curtain-covered rooms. I just walked down the hall and chose a random one, walked in, and guess what was all over the floor? In the one I just happened to choose?

Lots and lots of books of stamps. Yes. All over the place.

I bent down and picked them all up. It was treasure to me. I realized that I held in my hand enough stamps to mail my messages.

Normally I would have turned them in, but I knew that these were for me. Sometimes exceptions can be made, and this was one of those times. I took my stamps home and mailed all my tracts.



## **Good Samaritan: Interrupted (2009)**

I used to like to play Robin Hood. When I was a teen. With my dad's belongings. Here's one of my botched attempts.

After we moved from Oak Cliff, my dad continued to own our old house and rent it out, he didn't sell it until just a few years ago. There was a garage apartment out back, an old beat up one that no longer exists. That's where Pam lived, back when we were kids. (another blog entirely)

So in the 80's, for a short period of time, some man rented out the garage apartment. I'd caught glimpses of him before, he was thin, tall, and scraggly. I overheard my dad talking about him on occasion and I figured out, the renter had some problems. All sorts of problems.

So one day when I was about 18 I decided to help this man. I got a Bible, and some food. But I didn't stop there. I went into my dad's bathroom drawers and raided them: toothpaste, toothbrush, deodorant, soap...

socks, towels, canned goods from the pantry...

combs, vitamins...

Yes. I loaded up several boxes of pillaged items from my own home, put them into the trunk of my car under the cover of darkness, told my parents I was going to a friend's house. Then I drove to Oak Cliff.

I pulled up into my old driveway. His car was there. I snuck out of my car, popped the trunk, and

And was overcome with fear.

And it hit me: What if this man questioned these things, and told my dad? I hadn't considered this yet. What if he showed them to my dad? Another thing I didn't think of. What if my dad noticed his things missing?

I stood there in the driveway, looking at my loot. I was conflicted and torn. The Robin Hood in me was urging me to carry the boxes up the stairs to the garage apartment and leave them there, as planned. The intimidated daughter in me urged me to turn around, go back home, and return my father's belongings to their rightful places and their rightful owner.

I remember standing there in the moonlight. I glanced over my shoulder at the street I used to play on. I remembered popping tar bubbles with a stick and learning to ride my bike.



I never made up my mind. I didn't carry the boxes up the stairs, nor did I bring them back home. Know what I did? I took each box, dumped it out into the gravel driveway into a pile, then turned around and drove home.

My walk has been smattered with botched and compromised attempts at good deeds, ever since.

Sorry.

## **random memories from the 70's: my penguin refridgerator (2009)**

It came from a garage sale down the street. It stood about four feet tall and was made out of plastic. A penguin it was, white and blue. It's tummy opened up to reveal two shelves inside. I think it was originally a part of somebody's pretend kitchen set or something. I loved it.

I guess I was about 7 or 8 when I got it. I remember the day I put it in my room. I sat there on my golden shag carpet and stared it down. I felt a strange new feeling well up inside me: independence.

Yes. I began to feel like a grown up before I even put anything inside of it. I sat there on my floor and stared at the empty shelves, imagining how the items I chose from the real kitchen would look inside of my Penguin Refridgerator.

I waited until after dinner, then made my move. Bread and cookies, peanut butter and jelly. Boxed raisins. An apple, maybe.

I decided on that day that I was only going to eat in my own room from that point on. I was a free agent.

But not for long. My mother discovered the missing food the next day and made me put it all back. But I remembered the feeling of having my own food, and my own appliance.

To this day I feel like my own hero when I have these things. In some ways, I never grew up. I used to think some of my former boyfriends were true showcases of arrested development, but the older I get, the more I realize how many things in life I continue to view through a child's eyes. I don't mean to. It just happens.

I still sit on the floor each morning to get ready, like I did when I was in high school. My makeup and hair things sit in little ceramic containers that surround the big mirror that stands in the corner. I've always done that, you can move around that way. My mom sits at her vanity dresser that she's had since she was a teen, I guess it makes her feel special or something, but I can't bring myself to sit still for an hour each morning.

I still like sleeping on the floor. I still find myself intimidated by money, making big and important purchases, and big tall men. I'm almost 40. I don't see myself changing anytime soon. I think I might be permanently seared into the same mindset I had when I was 18.

Actually come to think of it, that could very much be the case with me, psychologically, all things considered. But that's another story for another day.

I had this brief dream in 2007~

I saw a large, muscular man, squatting down on the ground, giving his full attention to a small child. The big strong man was listening intently to this seemingly insignificant child's voice.

When I woke up, I understood the meaning almost instantly:

That we are entering into a strange time, where the wise and strong in the eyes of the world will turn to the small and weak in the eyes of the world. That God will now use the wisdom that He's hidden away in the seemingly useless and weak. That the wisdom of the world will no longer be of any use, and only His wisdom will see us through.

## **“Prepackaged Bread”**

Bread is a symbol of basic nourishment and sustenance.

In the Christian walk, “bread” is our daily provision from God.

Our daily bread, from God, is basic, pure, and simple. It contains no secret ingredients or hidden formulas. God’s Word - The Holy Bible - is open and available for all to see. At God’s table, nothing is impure. The ingredients in His bread are not watered down or diluted, and all are able to eat it. No person’s name is attached to His bread, although it may have passed through many people’s hands before it reached you.

Beware of the many forms of “prepackaged bread” in the world - baked in the kitchens of people who desire to feed their own agendas rather than honestly feed fellow humans. These are polluted ministries, false doctrines, greedy religious organizations, and “christian” groups that do not honestly and humbly present God’s truth.

Many religious groups try to “sell” their own brand of bread. To a new believer, the colorful packaging may be enticing, or the “special ingredient” being advertised may lure them in.

There is no bread other than God’s truth.

When people gather together in His Name, to fellowship, there should be no strings attached, no secret rules or agendas. There should also be no “club dues”. Tithing was obligatory under the Mosaic law, but now we can give freely of our own accord - this is called almsgiving or offerings, and comes from our own free will, with no set amount required, and no timetable by which to

follow (as opposed to Old Testament tithing, which was 10% of the firstfruits (profits) each month, and it wasn't even money that was given to the temple - it was food.

With more believers pulling away from organized religion, we must also be wary of the gathering in home groups. Wolves in sheep's clothing are everywhere. Pray for discernment before joining hands and fellowshiping with small groups. These are dark days.

Gathering together in His Name should be done in all humility with no pretense or striving to increase, to be bigger and better. Jesus said that when two or more are gathered in His Name, He's there, in the midst. Just two! This gives us confidence and reassurance that our prayers are heard, and He's with us, regardless of our ability to be joined together with many people. And of course, we are never alone. If you are a believer, He hears your prayers, and is with you.

amycat1010

July 2, 2019

Jesus is Lord

Jesus loves you

Jesus sets us free

## Only Jesus

There is no "holy water", only Jesus, who is Living Water.

There are no dead "saints" to pray to, only Jesus, who makes every believer and follower of Him a saint.

There are no "confessional rooms", only Jesus, who gave His life for us on the cross, paying the penalty for our sins forever. Confession of sins, when we stumble, takes place privately, in prayer, and He alone washes us clean.

There is no "infant baptism". A baby cannot choose to accept and follow Jesus, this is a choice we make as we grow and understand. Babies are innocent and are not in need of "baptism".

Infant baptism is nothing more than an "initiation" ritual that spiritually binds the poor child into that particular "church", aka false doctrine. (Similar to "confirmation", which is a false substitute for accepting Jesus Christ...instead, when of age, youth are "confirming" their decision to carry on in the deceitful bondage of false religion, under the guise of confirming oneself to the "church".)

The enemy has a false substitute and replacement for everything God has. The enemy wants to be God.

There is no "purgatory" or praying for the souls of the dead. The Holy Bible makes it very clear that there are only two destinations when we die - Heaven or Hell.

There is no "penance". Jesus paid the price for our sins, great and small, on the cross. Through

His blood alone we are made righteous.

When we stumble (sin) in our walk, we can go to Him, confess our sin, repent (turn from), be washed in His blood, receive forgiveness, and move on. It's done.

There are no certain prayers to recite.

He wants us to come to Him with our hearts, and our own sincere words, not formal prayers or creeds.

There are no "rosaries" or prayer beads. Since when does our God desire our worship through objects and rituals?

There is no miraculous transforming of the host, and the wine, in communion. Jesus, at the last supper, did this for His disciples, and instructed them (in turn, all believers, when gathered together) to "do this in remembrance of Me". It is symbolic of His giving us body (the broken bread) and His blood (the wine). Like Christian baptism, communion is symbolic of something wonderful. But, as the traditions of men would have it, "communion" is twisted into something it's not, adding unto the growing pile of idolatry and deceit that these false gods have built up their false kingdoms ("churches") with.

Only Jesus.

Back to the "holy water". Being sprinkled or making "the sign of the cross" with so-called "holy water" is a cheap substitute for true repentance and deliverance through Jesus Christ. We can't be purified externally. True spiritual cleansing is our responsibility, through trusting in the saving Blood of Christ alone.

In a recording I did on the Catholic church, I commented on how "it's hard". The opposite is true! I was speaking on all the false rules people must adhere to when I said that. But it's not "hard", in

reality, it's actually taking the easy way out, when blindly following a false doctrine. It takes the personal God-given responsibility off of the individual, and replacing it with false "tools" to use. A priest is not an ambassador of Christ. He is a deceived man who stands in the way of finding a true relationship with Christ.

I could list so many more contradictions of false doctrine and true worship, but that's all for now. What prompted me to write this is a headline I saw recently, about a Catholic bishop or priest wanting to douse a certain region with holy water, from the air, like with a helicopter or something, to help rid the area and people of crime and such.

\*sigh\*

I prayed for that place, that God would help those people for real. I also prayed for that poor man who actually thinks playing God, and dousing people with "holy water" is real deliverance.

We all need Jesus. Only Jesus.

amycat1010

(a former Catholic, delivered and set free by Jesus)

7.14.2019



## A Prayer for Deliverance

Dear Jesus,

You know I am struggling with \_\_\_\_.

Please set me free from this.

I cannot do it on my own or with my own strength.

Please set me free from \_\_\_\_, forgive me of the sin of \_\_\_\_, wash me clean in Your Blood Lord Jesus. You say that whatever we ask for in prayer, You will do, if we do not ask amiss. I ask You today to cut the ties that bind me to \_\_\_\_, set me free, heal my mind, body, and soul. Fill me with Your love, and a hunger for Your Word.

I confess \_\_\_\_ as a sin and I renounce it completely. Please fill my voids with You and You alone.

Give me strength and peace as I move forward in faith, as your beloved child.

Thank You Lord for setting me free.

Please give me new life and show me where to go from here.

I trust You Lord Jesus.

Amen.

"Pharmakea"

(written in 2007 or '08)

A little over a month ago, I had (one of many) a profile on Myspace. Just goofing off, enjoying talking with my daughter's friends. I love teenagers. Anyway, one night, I was woken up around 3 am, just out of the blue, to pray. You know what God showed me? How to do my page. I saw rainbow-swirl background, pot leaves, bongos. And I saw that He wanted me to write all about drug use. I was...shocked. And amused. He wanted me to make it fun and entertaining, for the kids! How cool is that? I even put that song on there by Musical Youth, "pass the dutchie", from the 70's. I was cracking up the whole time as I put the whole thing together.

And then when I was all ready, I started to write. I went blank. I told God, "what on earth am I supposed to say?"

The following is what came out of me. The first part is my writing, then the last paragraph I borrowed from another site ([lionofzion.com](http://lionofzion.com))  
(they gave permission to share)

Now here's the thing. Here's the thing that blows me away. I created the page, and I had it up for a few days. Then, I started to get all self-conscious, like I always do. Because I was wondering what

her friends were thinking, will they still think I was the cool mommy? (hey I cherish my cool mommy status. don't laugh.) So, I chickened out, and changed the page after a few days, put it back to whatever. Took the rainbow background down, took the drug article down. Took the bong cursor down. (yes I had a bong cursor.)

Get this~ after changing it, about a day passed. I thought, I obeyed God, I had it up for a while, I did what I was supposed to do. Anyway, I put it back to however I wanted it, and was just goofing off, when.....and I kid you not....out of the blue, just like that, the page PUT ITSELF BACK TO HOW GOD WANTED IT. I am not kidding. In an instant, it was all back. The background, the pot leaves, the bong cursor, and my article on weed and why it is wrong. He put it back.

I sat there, stunned. I was afraid to move. I was like, um...God?

Ok. I knew that I was wrong to up and change something that He woke me up at 3 am to do. So, I changed my password (with my eyes closed) and locked myself out of there. The page remains, intact, like He wanted it. It makes my heart beat fast to look at it, to be honest, it scares me.

I have gotten some good reports on it. I have heard that it has been a real blessing to one teen in particular. But to tell you the truth, I really don't want to know who has read it. I just step back from it and trust God. Here's the stuff I wrote. Maybe you know a teen who might benefit from it? If you do, please pass it on, and tell them how much God loves them!

Let's talk about drugs, shall we? Who here enjoys a little smoke now & then? Who here lights up on a daily basis? Who here believes that it's harmless? People, weed may be "natural", but that does not mean that it was created to be smoked in order to produce a mental high. Oh, what do I know about drugs? (And yes, marijuana IS a drug...) Well, let's just say that I have done everything short of putting a needle in my arm, and that's only because of my fear of needles. I know where you're at, peeps. I've done it all. Tripped acid. Snorted cocaine. shrooms, hash, ecsatasy, crank, and lots and lots of weed. And whatever else was passed to me, I didn't care. So listen to me, people. I know the need to escape, ok? And I'm not here to preach. I'm here to share some truth with you. Because I care. First off, let me tell

you about my little brother. New Year's Eve, 1997. The wreck that had I-35 backed up for miles and miles. He was 17 years old. He was killed when the Jeep Cherokee he was driving flipped over, throwing him out the window. He was crushed. The Jeep flipped as a result of he and his friend attempting to switch places, while they were driving. How idiotic, right? Well, that's pretty much how Joe was towards the end. Before he got into drugs, he was a brilliant, hilarious, friendly, social, and athletic guy. Everybody loved Joe. Then, around the age of 16, he started to smoke a little weed. Just a little. But, as usual, this evolved, ever so slowly, into other things. By the time Joe died, he was taking horse tranquilizers mixed with Vodka. He turned into a total idiot. People, do you understand how weed works? It

may be true that it's not physically addictive, but it affects the inhibition area of the brain, well duh, that's why it makes you feel so relaxed. Listen. Guard your brain. Protect your mind.

Weed DOES kill off brain cells. Stop and think about it. WHY would you want to do that? Why? Do you people even realize how PRECIOUS your mind is? I am just recovering from a 7-month stint with west nile virus. It went straight to my brain.

For months I could not think straight, I had virtually NO short-term memory, no desire to do anything, no determination, no drive, no motivation, and no joy. I know what it is to have a mind that does not work, and now, I will never take my brain for granted, ever again. Your mind is a beautiful thing, ya'll. It's a miracle, and here we stupid humans are, polluting it and messing

it up. WEED IS NOT HARMLESS. That is a LIE. It will pull you in deeper....and it does not stop there. You guys all know that I am a die-hard Christian. I want to tell you that using any substance that interferes with the normal processes of the mind is, in the eyes of God, a form of witchcraft. Yeah, you heard that right. He calls it "an abomination" and "detestable". Why? Because you are screwing with the dark side when you use drugs. People, it goes beyond the physical. When you use drugs, you are opening your mind to a whole different dimension. Imagine opening a forbidden door in your mind. That's exactly what's happening. It's a doorway and it allows the enemy access to your mind. People, I have seen things you would not believe. I have seen demons, and so did my brother. I will leave you with this story,

something Joe told me before he died. He came over to my house one evening, really messed up and really frightened. He described to me something that had just happened to him. He was getting stoned out of his mind, as usual, laying on the hood of a car with his friend. And then he had this incredible experience: He found himself outside of his body, and standing in the presence of Jesus. The Lord said to Joe, "Why are you doing this to yourself, Joe?" He pointed to the car, and Joe looked, and saw his body, it appeared dead! His friend was beside him, panicking and trying to revive him. Again, Jesus asked, "Why are you doing this, Joe?" Then, a second later, Joe was back inside his body, and his friend said, "Dude, I thought you were dead!!"

It turns out, what Joe saw on the hood really took place. No, this



was not a hallucination. This was a true spiritual encounter. It happens. People, we are not meant to pollute our minds and our bodies. You were lovingly created, and for a purpose! Don't subdue yourself, don't allow yourself to believe the lie. We are lied to. We are told that it's all ok, that it's good for you to just lie back and chill. Just chill your way thru life. Listen, it's BETTER to be awake. It's BETTER to feel. It may be harder, but it's worth it. You are SO LOVED. You are SO VALUED. You are CHERISHED by God! So stop with the smoke already! It ain't worth it. It's dangerous. love you. ♥

WHO CONTROLS YOU? The thief (Satan) cometh not, but for to

steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I (Jesus) am come that they  
may have life and that they might have it more abundantly."

John 10:10 .....the following info is taken from

<http://www.lionofzion.com/> The most common argument within

the church against any sort of use of marijuana is the

"Pharmakeia argument". Although this argument can be heard

in almost any church, it is hard to recognize in a casual Bible

reading. In order to come to the conclusion of the Pharmakeia

argument one needs to study the original Koinne Greek Bible

text. Pharmakeia is a Greek word found in the New Testament

that means medication, pharmacy, magic, sorcery and

witchcraft. Its root is pharmakon which refers to a druggist,

pharmacist, poisoner, magician or sorcerer. God clearly states

that Pharmakeia (the use of drugs) is a sin in Galatians 5:19-20a; "The acts of the sinful nature are obvious: sexual immorality, impurity and debauchery; idolatry and witchcraft" (Pharmakeia). Most people are shocked when they learn that this verse refers to drug use. Contrary to popular belief, marijuana is not a new drug. In fact, just recently marijuana ashes were found in a fourth-century tomb. The drug was believed to have been smoked by a pregnant teenager sixteen hundred years ago. Some documentations of marijuana use date back as far as the nineteenth century B.C. The popularity and use of marijuana has increased within the past few years. This pattern of today's intensified drug use was prophesied almost two thousand years ago in the book of Revelation. There are

three passages in this book that speak directly about

Pharmakeia, Revelation 9:21; 21:8; and 22:15....We conclude

that God is very serious about how he deals with this sin.

Marijuana is a hallucinogenic (Funk and Wagnalls 445). This is

one of the reasons why using it is sorcery and witchcraft. With

the use of drugs, you are opening yourself up to all sorts of

spiritual attacks and seducing spirits. Mind altering drugs are

used in witchcraft to alter your reality. This can be very

dangerous. This is why God calls us to be sober and avoid

attacks from Satan (I Peter 5:8). This implies that if we are

high, we cannot avoid attacks from the evil one. Marijuana is

clearly a stronghold that Satan has used on this world for many

generations. God can deliver and heal one from an addiction to

marijuana. The truth can be found only through faithfully  
studying the word of God. "The grass withers and the flowers  
fall, but the word of our God stands forever." (Isaiah 40:8)

# Bird Droppings

1

Aug. 17, 2019

Just got a new nest.

Old one blew away in a tornado.

Good thing my typewriter didn't break.

It just fell to the ground, and that's where I am now,  
seeing as how it's too heavy for me to lift.

So I just made me a new nest, here on the ground.

Can't just leave my typewriter here unguarded.

I think I'll be alright here.

My new home is beside a dumpster,  
behind a convenience store.

Just me and my typewriter,  
and my new nest. I found a piece of cardboard,  
leaned it at an angle for some shelter.

I plan on reporting regularly from this location.

I've named my new journal "Bird Droppings".

Not sure how often I'll be dropping lines, though.

Gotta settle in to my new surroundings first.

bye for now,

Bird



# Bird Droppings

2

Aug. 17, 2019

I've pecked so many cigarette butts off the parking lot,  
my beak hurts. Piled them up in a corner of the dumpster.  
Maybe I should've built my new nest in there, I don't know.  
Seems safer in there. Safer than under my cardboard lean-to  
here. My nest is getting damp. Humans keep coming back here and relieving themselves. I wish it  
would rain, that would make the pee smell go away. Maybe I should've made my new nest back up  
in the tree. But how would I keep an eye on my typewriter?

Someone just tossed a bag of chips and missed the dumpster.  
They're half-eaten, but enough for a late night snack.  
I like living next to a convenience store.  
Tried really hard not to poop on anybody,  
when I lived in the big tree that shades the parking lot.  
I might have mites.

bye for now,  
Bird



## Bird Droppings

3

Aug. 17, 2019

I went ahead and moved into the dumpster.

Some human saw my typewriter,  
and came towards it like they wanted it.

I tried to scare the person away by loud screeching  
and fervent wing flapping, but they picked it up anyway.

I was happy to see the look on the human's face when  
they saw how old and dilapidated the thing is.

The person just threw it over the dumpster wall.

It made a loud crashing sound that ruffled my feathers.  
I thought it had broken into pieces.

I flew into the dumpster and saw it had landed  
upside down, sort of to the side.

I'm typing this now in a very awkward position.

I can't lift the thing, like I said, it's way too heavy.

So I just sort of wedged myself up under it.

My left foot is currently caught in the roller thing.

The dinger bell broke. The human didn't have to throw it  
so hard in here. The sound of that "ding" while I typed

was like a friend to me. Now all I can hear is the echoes  
of the typewriter clicks sounding off the empty dumpster walls.  
It takes a while for this dumpster to fill up with trash.  
I'll be sure and watch out, on trash day.

There's a dead mouse in here.

bye for now,  
Bird

## Bird Droppings

4

Aug. 18, 2019

I'm sick. I think I caught something from the dead mouse in here.

I tried to get it out of here but it smelled so bad,

I just left it. Still have that nasty taste in my beak.

My feathers are breaking out in hives and I have chills.

My beak is dry and my feet are clammy.

Can't keep anything down.

Where are my friends? Haven't heard any chirps from them

at all for a few days. Seems like I'm the only bird alive.

Earlier today, there were some humans dressed in these strange white plastic suits. Their heads were even covered and I couldn't even see their faces. They were going around picking things up off the ground, but I couldn't tell what the things were from here in the dumpster. I kept my distance because I've never seen humans dressed like that before. It was a little bit scary. One of the humans mentioned "CDC". What could this mean? Maybe it stands for Careful Doodoo Cleaning, because they were really focused on cleaning something up around here. I guess it was dog poo or something.

I'm just really wondering where all my friends are. Can't even hear the faintest tweets. And now I'm sick. Oh well, at least I can type.

This dead mouse really smells, but somehow it makes me feel not so alone.

I wonder if living in this dumpster is going to work out alright?

bye for now,

Bird

## Bird Droppings

5

Aug. 18, 2019

Just woke up, not sure how long I was out. Must've been sleeping really deep, because I'm covered in chili sauce and cold nacho cheese. Guess somebody from the convenience store cleaned out the hot dog making station. There's empty cans all over the place here in the dumpster and a few dirty diapers also. The nacho cheese is coated and congealed under my wings. But it tastes good. Been preening as I type this.

Still no signs of my friends. No bird sounds at all. Overheard someone in the parking lot mention "bird flew". Maybe they saw my friends flying away. How did I miss this? Why was I not informed of a change in our migration schedule?

My fever's gone. Feeling better. Just hoping this dumpster doesn't fill up with too much trash when I'm sleeping. Not sure if I can get out from under it. But I must stay here with my trusty typewriter. It still works even though there's chili sauce and cracker crumbs between the keys.

bye for now,

Bird

## Bird Droppings

6

Aug. 18, 2019

Well am I ever having a fun time! Someone threw a huge cardboard box into the dumpster a few minutes ago, it said "Acme Clown Noses, 2000 count", I tore it open with my beak, and am now having the time of my life! I'm swimming in clown noses! Puffy and spongy, squishy and squeaky! Bright red, like the ripe berries on the parking lot hedges in the fall! I've never been to a ball pit before! Now I have my very own!! It's so much fun! I'm swimming in clown noses! I can't write any more, will drop another line later, this is too much fun!!

bye for now,

Bird

## Bird Droppings

7

Aug. 18, 2019

Well... that didn't last long. I think I just totally destroyed my home. It was an accident. I accidentally blew everything up. Nacho cheese, clown noses, dead mouse...

It's because somebody tossed a lighter in here, and I wanted to see if it still worked. Dumpsters get dark at night, you know. All I did was light it once, then kaboom! Everything in here was on fire! I flew to the nearby tree (where I used to live) and watched the blazing inferno from a safe distance. The humans came and got the water hose that's by the tire air thing, and just started hosing the dumpster down. They were yelling and saying lots of bad words. The billowing smoke was reddish, from all the clown noses I guess.

I was having so much fun in my new ball pit.

Not sure why everything blew up when I lit the lighter. The box the clown noses came in said in tiny print on the bottom - "Caution - Flammable". I remember seeing that, but thought it was a misprint.

How can such fun balls of bouncy fun be flammable?

I watched the flames die down from the tree, then came back to the dumpster, and just sat on the ledge, looking down into it. Everything was solidified, melted together. Like bright red soup. The entire dumpster floor is covered in it. It's hardened and shiny. The only thing that didn't melt in this inferno was my typewriter. In fact, the explosion actually turned it rightside up! What's more, the hardened sludge formed around the typewriter, sort of welding it in place. I'm actually quite happy

about this. Sorry for causing the dumpster explosion, and also sorry my fun ball pit is gone, but happy that I no longer have to worry about my typewriter being tossed out of here, on trash day. It's stuck. And rightside up!

Typing is much more easier now! Although the floor is still a little hot, and slightly sticky, I think this new addition to my living quarters is just perfect!

Also, the bright red flooring is more cheerful than that old dirty metal floor underneath. There's bright yellow swirls throughout, from the nacho cheese, and bits of mouse fur here & there, but for the most part, I'm happy with my new carpet. And my typewriter, stuck really good! This just might turn out to be the best home for a bird in the whole wide world!

bye for now,  
Bird



## Bird Droppings

8

Aug. 18, 2019

Tonight was interesting.

A human got into the dumpster, sat down in the corner, and just started crying. I've seen humans look in this dumpster before, but they were looking for things to take, not actually climb in, and sit down.

The human didn't see me at first, and I didn't want to scare them, so I just stayed over here by my typewriter, really quiet. When they were crying, they kept saying, "why, I don't understand it" and "I'm sorry" and "what can I do". I don't get the meaning of this sort of human speech, but it made me feel sad.

I decided to go over to the person, and cheer it. At first they were surprised to see me, so I hopped around a little and did some of my best chirps, thinking maybe it would help in some way. It did! The human laughed a bit, and wiped it's tears.

The person looked at me, and said, "hey there little bird, I know you can't understand me but...I don't have anyone else to talk to and I know you won't tell anybody..I'm so done with everything...it's too hard, I'm tired...I keep messing up, I fail at everything, keep hurting people..." I gave them my best, most compassionate chirp, and hopped onto their knee. They pet my head and called me a "good bird". I don't know about that, but I really liked spending time with that human.

They left the dumpster a little while ago, and walked away into the night. I sat up on the ledge, watching them until I couldn't see them anymore.

I hope they come back. I don't have much here, nothing, actually, just a typewriter, but if I manage to get anything else I'll have it ready to share. It would be nice to have a dumpster roommate.

bye for now,  
Bird

## Bird Droppings

9

Aug. 19, 2019

Well...you're never going to believe this. A little while ago, I was sitting here at my typewriter, just staring into space, wondering what's next, when all of a sudden I heard a loud whistling sound, like powerful wind, getting louder and louder. I looked up, and a huge orange fireball was hurling right towards me.

There was no time to move.

I thought this was it.

It came down so fast, then BOOM! ...landed right smack-dab in the middle of the dumpster. It's partially embedded in the new red clown-nose flooring.

I think humans refer to these things as "meaty-alrights".

I've learned a lot just by listening to their conversations, in the parking lot. Sometimes the ones who wander around the premises carrying bottles of stuff to drink in brown paper bags get tired, and sit out front of the store, and talk to themselves, and look up at the night sky. If there's a shooting star, they'll point to it, saying "hey did ya see that one?!"...even though there's nobody else around. One human saw a big fireball like this one, and said, "that ain't no shooting star! It's a meaty-alright!" I guess these things contain some kind of meat. Humans are smart. They teach me a lot.

The meaty-alright here in the dumpster is still letting off steam, and whistling faintly. I guess it's outer space food. Hey, if it's meat, count me in! Haven't had a good meal in a while.

bye for now,



## News Report

Aug. 19, 2019

A meteorite has fallen into orbit, after years of being observed by several Top-Notch scientists and Astro Enthusiasts.

The meteorite, dubbed "Dumpster Diver", was located earlier today in a trash receptacle. The meteorite (DD) made a surprisingly light impact, after having been hailed as "the worst threat to the Earth's crust", and "Earth Smasher" for years, by concerned scientists in-the-know.

"It was going to end life as we know it", said Gale Axcee, a professor of astro-physiology. "We didn't want to alarm anyone, so the existence of meteorite DD has been kept under wraps. We just thought that would be best, seeing as how all of humanity would be wiped out, upon DD's impact. We are surprised to learn of the unexpected mild crash landing, in a dumpster."

Investigations are underway to collect samples of the strange red "miracle substance" the meteorite landed on. Authorities suspect this "firm, yet tacky" material played a part in preventing meteorite DD from crashing further into the earth's crust, and exploding, causing mass fatalities everywhere.

The dumpster itself, still containing meteorite DD, is being brought to a secret laboratory for further analysis.

On a side note, the crash landing seemed to cause one fatality, that of a bird found laying beside it. Small pieces of space rock, ground to "birdseed size" were found inside the deceased bird's beak.

April 23, 2020

So, being purged of vanity, and now fully understanding that as a Christian, I can't continue to harbor vanity anymore, because it's a sin -- what now?

As in, how am I supposed to look, now that I'm 50?

Ok. I am going to explore my thoughts on this, but I can't guarantee I'll make any sense, because I have absolutely no clue on this topic, other than the fact that vanity is a sin. And I'm no seasoned, Godly woman on the matter, not yet. Other things, maybe, yes. But not this subject. Bear with me.

So.... how are middle aged Christian women who refuse to walk in vanity anymore supposed to look? As in, how to dress?

All I know is, I repented of vanity, and will not let it back in. I was helped tremendously by the past 5 years in a wheelchair, dumpy and unkempt, plump and exhausted. My figure disappeared and my once strong body turned to mush. During this time of weakness, I learned so much. I learned that the way I've been dressing, pretty much my whole adult life, was not pleasing to God. And I didn't even dress slutty! I've always been casual, wearing little to no makeup, jeans pretty much always. But... I had no idea Christian women should not be letting certain things show. Even if a shirt isn't low cut, it might be tight. And even if the jeans are old and tattered, they too might be too tight, and show too much figure. It's not just about not showing too much skin - it's also about not wearing form fitting things. I never even thought twice about my casual way of dressing, until my huge "time out" in the wheelchair. I never realized that letting my figure show was causing guys to sin. I mean, as a woman, I was just used to guys looking, as pretty much every female is. But I never realized that as a Christian, I should consider the guys, and not be a stumbling block to

them. That means wearing clothing that isn't form fitting, in addition to obviously not showing too much skin. That's the only change I personally have had to make. (I stopped wearing heels and short skirts, etc. a long time ago.) So, during the past 5 or so years, being all broken down in a wheelchair, wearing my husband's huge t shirts, not being comfortable in anything else, I discovered, ...this is how I should be dressing. Not necessarily in old ratty t shirts, but in loose clothing.

Which brings me to my question...

Since I'm gaining strength again, and up walking, and will most likely want to rejoin the outside world soon, what on earth do I buy to wear? I can't spend the rest of my life in my husband's old huge t shirts, can I?

What do I do?

Buy mumus?

Potato sacks?

Or... not worry about it, and just keep staying home?

Because I am not getting all into that "modesty movement" stuff. I avoid anything to do with any sort of "movement" within the Christian faith. But that's a whole other writing bit.

I already went through my confusion with, and solved the problem of, my hair. I'm not going to use any more hair color on it, and I'm letting the new silver come out. I've already decided to let it do

whatever God designed it to do, at this point in my life. I'm only trimming the deadends off as needed, but no longer styling it at all, not even cutting layers around my face.

Because vanity.

Makeup is a no-brainer. I've never liked it and don't miss it. I don't even own one piece of it.

I don't wear jewelry, even though I know I should probably be wearing my wedding band. I just don't like things attached to my body. He doesn't mind.

So, my only quandry, as a woman recently freed from vanity, is how on earth do I dress now. I might just abandon this question altogether, and continue to wear loose t shirts and pj pants cut into long shorts. So basically, I look like a bum. But I feel great!

And even though I'm older now, with a busted up figure, and nobody would want to look anyway, I feel good about no longer being a stumbling block to men, and I am sorry (and have repented of) being like that in the past, even unintentionally.

Men have enough to deal with on this earth, and I don't ever want to be a problem to them, ever again.

I know that the sin of vanity is more than appearances and the clothes we wear, but this is just about that part of it. I'll do another thing eventually on the other stuff I've learned about vanity (being self-centered and seeking attention, etc). I guess the conclusion that I've come to is, I might go into old age looking like a ragamuffin hobo. And I'm secretly very ok with that.



amycat1010

April 23, 2020 (2)

Jesus is the only way.

Good deeds won't get us into heaven.

Helping others won't get us into heaven.

Being good won't get us into heaven.

Being kind to others won't get us into heaven.

Giving money to charity won't get us into heaven.

Not stealing, lying, or murdering won't get us into heaven.

Not drinking or doing drugs won't get us into heaven.

Saving your virginity until marriage won't get you into heaven.

Dressing modestly won't get us into heaven.

Regular church attendance won't get us into heaven.

Reading and memorizing scripture won't get us into heaven.

Saying repetitive prayers won't get us into heaven.

Following religious rules won't get us into heaven.

Not eating certain foods won't get us into heaven.

Praying at certain times of the day won't get us into heaven.

Making journeys to "holy" places won't get us into heaven.

Confessing sins to a priest won't get us into heaven.

Getting baptized as an infant won't get you into heaven.

Committing yourself to a church or religious organization won't get you into heaven.

Going on missions and recruiting others to join your religion won't get you into heaven.

Having large families won't get you into heaven.

There is only one way to heaven - Jesus Christ.

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

He is for us all. Every human being, everywhere, of all nationalities and races. He is Lord of us all.

He loves us all with an everlasting love, and His gift of eternal life with Him is for everyone.

In order to receive His gift, we first must believe that He is Who He says He is - He is God. He came to earth as a man, and gave His life for us all, shedding His blood on the cross as the final sacrifice for all of our sins, bringing the ancient Law to completion. Our sins are now covered, but we must go to Him, and receive this gift. We must confess our sins, be washed in His blood, and believe that we are forgiven. This is done in personal prayer to Him, one on one. It's a free gift for everyone, of all races and places.

Being forgiven of our sins in Him, and receiving Him as our Lord and Saviour, and telling Him, in prayer, that we believe, and receive, and want a personal relationship with Him - this is entering in the door, the one door that leads to eternal life with Him in heaven.

We don't stop there, though. We must learn of Him, read the Bible, learn what it says, and do it. Make it top priority before everything else. This is following Jesus.

When we stumble and sin, because we are human, we can go to Him and sincerely pray for forgiveness, and He will wash us clean. He already covered that sin on the cross. He is merciful and patient with us, loving and kind. He is the Good Shepherd.

Following Jesus changes everything. It sets us free. We are set free from old things of the world, and we take on His yoke. His yoke is easy and light.

Jesus is the answer to everything. Every problem can be solved through Him. He heals, helps, delivers. He is for everyone. He loves YOU so much - more than you can imagine. No religious training or special education is needed to know Him.

If freedom is what you seek, look no further.  
His Name is Jesus.

amycat1010

April 25, 2020

The Word tells us that Jesus is all, and in all.

He's our shelter and our strength, our help and our hope. Jesus is our healing and our joy. He's our riches, our treasure, and the inheritance of those who let go of everything else, to follow Him.

He's our guard and our protection. And, He's our amusement and delight, giving us small happy things, like watching a playful puppy run around, little tail wagging, pouncing on a ball. Earthly delights like this are from Him!

Jesus is our clothing. He covers us in His patience and mercy.

He is our wisdom and our knowledge.

Jesus is the light in dark places, He's the way out of problems and trouble, He's the strong hand reaching down to rescue us from the pit, if we will only reach out and hold on to Him.

Jesus is life. His Name is written on our dna and found within our cells. Just like He's there with the prisoners - in their cells. Jesus forgives all who sincerely go to Him for forgiveness. Those condemned to die on Death Row obtain eternal life, joy, and freedom with Him, in heaven, when they turn to Him. The sentences rightfully carried out by earthly judges are temporary, but freedom in Christ - The One True Judge - is eternal, and no lawyer or accuser will prevail or be able to overturn His ruling. We are safe with Him.

Jesus is all and in all. He's everything. Learn of Him, follow Him. This fallen world is under His

judgement and is passing away. So are we. None of us are guaranteed tomorrow. We must remember that we are one second away from the eternal, at any given moment in time. We can pass from this life into the next - either heaven, or hell - at any moment. Our earthly lives are set for death, but to follow Jesus is eternal life.

He is King. Jesus Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords. He loves us all and gave His life on the cross for us all, for whomever will believe it, and receive it.

Jesus is everything.

amycat1010

April 26, 2020

It's frustrating to see people struggling with so many issues and problems, and know the answer, but not be able to speak about it or help them.

I help people in real life (the ones I see and hear around me) by praying for them.

I see, and listen, then take my concerns to God, asking Him to help them and bless them according to His will, and then I let it go. Sometimes I pray further for the person, if I'm led to do so. But I don't assume to know what they need (other than Jesus), and I'm very careful when I pray, simply and sincerely asking God to help them how HE sees fit - not what I think He should do for them.

This is important to understand, as a Christian. We must remain in a yielding position with Jesus, always, no matter how much wisdom, discernment, and faith we've developed over time, in our walk with Him. We must remain submitted to His will, for ourselves, and others, and the world around us. We can't assume that we've figured it all out, and know best. The wisdom of man is foolishness with God, according to His Word.

This isn't to say we shouldn't pray for others! He wants us to, of course! But the WAY we pray should always be with the attitude of HIS will, not ours. If I do think I know what a certain person needs, I'll make the request known to God, but not in a "name it and claim it" stance. This is prideful and unbiblical. Rather, I will approach God in all respect and humility before asking Him for something, for myself or someone else, and when I've made my request known, I ask Him to please forgive me if I've asked amiss.



My faith is great, and I know He will hear my prayers, and that's why I maintain a position of submission to His will, not mine. I fear God, and know His mighty hand, and I've seen it move in amazing ways, in my life. I've seen miracles and have been delivered from so many things. I stand in awe of Him.

I began this piece with mentioning that it's frustrating when I see others struggling with life problems - it's frustrating in the flesh, when I want to help them with MY thoughts and MY advice and even MY prayers. But then I am led to simply pray, and the frustration lets up, and my mind eases. I cannot carry others spiritually anymore, God won't let me. He's taught me how to give all of my concerns for others to Him, in prayer. Then, I'm led to let it go, and move on with my own life.

That being said, I think everyone just needs to turn to Jesus, for literally everything. So much time and energy is wasted on struggling and suffering needlessly, when the answer to every problem in this world has already made Himself known. Jesus is available to all, but it's just too simple and easy for people to believe. THAT is my frustration, right there.

amycat1010

# Diary Of A German Cockroach

## Day 1

Attention! I now exist.

Today I emerged from the Mother's egg pod.

I care not for the whereabouts of my siblings,  
for there are many, and all must fend for himself.

The Mother has deceased. She has been overtaken by toilet water,  
after being deposited therein by a Human.

The Human assumes that we Offspring have perished within the egg pod. The Mother expelled the egg pod while treading toilet water in her battle for survival. We offspring have survived. We bring vengeance and harsh retaliation to the Human.

## Day 2

The kitchen is adequate for my survival. I have located a surplus of edible food. The Human is foolish, it thinks I cannot locate a viable entrance to the items on the counter. Yet I am still of a small size, so access through wrappers, lids, and various plastics is obtainable.

Bread has been my sustenance today. Tomorrow I will investigate the other regions of the kitchen.

## Day 3

The Human has powers that I did not foresee. Upon entering the kitchen, it causes bright light to appear. This frightens me. It could be that I have underestimated the intelligence of the Human. I now anticipate and expect these surprising entrances, and have mapped out my emergency escape routes accordingly.

Currently the region under the microwave is suitable protective shelter.

#### Day 4

I have located meat. I have discovered that pieces of food regularly descend from the kitchen counter. I have feasted well tonight on the kitchen floor. I have educated myself on the matter of speed, eating quickly. Then I retreat to my current lodging beneath the microwave.

My gut is satisfied with hotdog remnants.

#### Day 5

I am getting stronger and larger. My thorax has developed nicely and my antennae have lengthened.

#### Day 6

I wish to bring payback upon the Human for bringing my Mother's life to an untimely end. I am preparing an attack. Tonight, I will approach the Human while it is horizontal upon the bed.

(later)

There is a large black spray can standing upright upon the Human's bedside table. The can bears a photograph of a member of my own species. I perceive this to be some sort of food, specifically designed for my kind. Perhaps the Human is not worthy of retaliation. I must reconsider my plans to attack it.

(later)

I am filled with regret. I should not have approached the Human tonight. I was going to investigate the can

there are moths tap dancing everywhere and

why are my legs twitching

can't roll over, am lodged upon my back

the atmosphere and

spinning

(this quality literature has been brought to you today  
by Birdtown Comics)

# I'm Sorry I've Been So Weird

...

I was going to do a recording on this subject, but decided that would be too long, drawn-out, off-topic, and ... weird.

Because I can't stay on-topic when talking, losing sight of the whole purpose of the recording.

Writing is better. You're forced to stay focused.

Thanks, writing.

So, it's been on my mind lately (well, actually, for years), about how weird I've always been, and am. Sometimes it really bothers me. Not so much for my sake, but for other people. I'm one very long Cringe Moment. In fact, if people came with tag lines, mine would read: "Amy. Making people uncomfortable since 1969"

So, can this be analyzed? Can it be explained? Can it be... fixed?

Well. Let's investigate.

To begin with, I was born weird. Genetically, there's some things I inherited that I can't control or help. Some "brain wiring", if you will. I take after a side of the family that is very colorful. Creative, thinking, and different. Also, the negative side of those things - some mental instability, depression, and worse. I won't go any more in-depth than that, but you know what I mean.

I do take after that side of the family, but thanks to genetics, again - I'm strengthened a little, and balanced, due to the "other side". Stubborn, and strong. I really have the best of both worlds, genetically speaking.

But genetics are only the beginning, we aren't really defined by it. I'm just trying to cover all the bases here as to why I'm so weird.

Let's move on.

Next comes the Nature vs. Nurture thing. The "nurture" part of this plays a big factor in my weirdness. I was given lots of freedom as a child, and my creativity was definitely nurtured. Also, I was alone often. Left to my own devices. Socializing with other kids often resulted in me feeling, or being, left out. I was awkward from a very young age.

I loved other kids. I loved other people. But as I grew, the weird factor in me increased.

I definitely could have benefitted from more moral and social guidance.

Then there's The Toe. This increased my self-consciousness by 1000%. It sent me to the absolute depths of social anxiety, and as a child, I had no way of expressing these feelings. I simply kept my foot covered up and hidden from my peers...well into early adulthood.

\*sigh\*

Looking back on my weird life, and awkward interactions with others, I think now, as a Christian, a good part of my problem was spiritual. I can safely say, knowing what I know now, that some of my character problems were demonic in nature.

Things were allowed in, and I was exposed to things. Christian knowledge wasn't a factor. I myself didn't learn of the darker side of spiritual matters until my early 20's. My adult life has been sort of a learning and cleansing process, and I'm still learning now. We never stop learning, when it comes

to God...

Let's move on. Circumstances beyond my control, some trauma-inducing, have also shaped me and added to my growing pile of "weirdness". More time as an outcast, were the years following my divorce. I was a struggling single mom, going uphill all the way. My whole life was like the busted up side of the road that they put traffic cones and yellow tape around, to keep people out. Losing my little brother to a tragic accident, he was only 17. Divorcing at the same time, with no safety net. Men pursuing me, attracted to what their eyes saw, but scared of what they found beneath my surface. I developed a compulsion with relationships, friendships, endeavors, the list goes on. Start, finish. Begin, end. Open... close. All the while, struggling to support myself and my daughter.

Abuse. I have to say it, but I won't go into details. I have known abuse, from my teen years on. This too has been an ongoing factor in my "weirdness". Something I will not talk about, but it's there. This too have I had to bear on my journey, this uphill battle. Yet nobody knows it, instead, it's "just Amy".

Let's move on. I became a Christian at 17, and that's when my real life began. I began a spiritual walk, and have been blessed with spiritual gifts. This writing is on the subject of my "weirdness", so although I know there is nothing wrong with being spiritual (we are spiritual beings in reality, the body is temporary), this has greatly added to my social suspicion, hatred, and rejection.

Add to all of this, my health situation. It began (that I know of) in 2006, and now, in 2019, I can't walk, am homebound, and my brain is weary and tired. If you were to speak to me today, not knowing anything of my physical state, you'd say I "was weird".

What does one do with all this weirdness?

What would YOU do?

I've given it to God, my Maker, and asked Him to redeem it all.

I've prayed for forgiveness for any time I've ever hurt someone or even made them uncomfortable, because of my weirdness.

I've given all MY hurt to Him, that I've experienced along the way, from rejection and hatred and mistreatment.

I've let so many misunderstandings go - things I never had the chance to explain to others.

I've had to let go.

My whole life is in God's loving hands, the past, present, and future.

Maybe He will do something with all this "weirdness" of mine.

Love,

Amy

*making people uncomfortable since 1969*

blog

<https://jan152019.blogspot.com>



following Jesus (collection)

<https://archive.org/details/fav-3152019->

Birdtown Comics

<https://archive.org/details/fav-birdtowncomics2019>

# Silence

I live behind a wall of silence. Many layers thick, and many reasons for it's existence.

Silence with people, in real-time -

because I'm homebound, and see no one. I have no desire to get out and exhaust myself, and my husband, who has to deal with me physically when we leave the house. He's strong, tall (6'5!!), and says it's no problem at all pushing me in the wheelchair, but I don't want to wear him out. If I get desperate feeling, which is rare these days, I'll ask him to take me for a "walk" around the block. The Florida sunshine is the kind of medicine I love.

Beyond being at home 24/7, socializing with people in these parts is very, very limited. I'm in the Florida Panhandle. There is ...an element here. My trust level regarding other people is well below 0%. That's not to say I judge anyone or even dislike them. In fact, if I were not under these physical limitations, I'd probably be connecting with them, somehow, and stirring up all kinds of trouble, causing THEM to run from ME. Because if I hear about problems, I don't crack open a beer with them and chug it down, along with some defeated-in-life commentary. No, I bring out my hands to pray, in real-time, handling the situation right then and there. Eyeballs widen, trouble starts, potential friendship cut short. Where in this world do I belong.

More silence, online. The world I can actually exist in, somewhat. Do things in. Create, learn, play. But--- the silence has found me there, too. Even though I speak online, through whatever format, I have yet to find a way to connect for real with people, as in, real conversations. No email, no inboxes. Is it fear? One might think. More accurately is a protective measure, so I can keep going, without influence, one way or the other. Insults discourage, but compliments are even more detrimental to me. Must not feel good OR bad, in the flesh. I have to stay focused and do my thing,

without being torn down, or ego inflated by praise. (The latter being rare, because I do not seek to win the praise of people, giving deliberately sub-par fodder through which to communicate.) I was stopped in my tracks years ago as an "artist", and will not take that label up again. I seek to please Jesus, not feed my (thankfully, now dead) pride, or seek vainglory, or pride of life. These things sneak along like stowaways in your suitcase, when you're an artist. From the first brush stroke to the signature, you're really presenting yourself to others, through that work of "art". It's really a vain and self-centered endeavor. I fully admire and respect those artists, writers, and musicians out there who are truly selfless, to the bone. I cannot fathom how they maintain a selfless mindset and still be successful in their career.

More silence, with former friends, acquaintances, and basically everyone who ever knew me, before (excluding my daughter, of course.) I'm a different person, not someone they would probably want to know anymore. Moreover, I speak the truth now. It's best that they keep a safe distance. I don't want to cause problems or hurt anyone. But I will speak up now, with no hesitation. This distance and silence was put in place initially to protect me, but now I feel that it's there to protect other people FROM me.

Words matter.

I was extracted from, and delivered from, and set free from a world of toxic poison, spiritually speaking. I believe every "pocket" of poison (groups, connections), as long as it's intact, will thrive. But when people are removed, one by one, like teeth being pulled - it's uncomfortable for both the tooth, and the jaw from which it's being extracted - the toxins are slowly deactivated, reduced, and possibly cured. The less "spreading around" of poison is necessary.

Toxic pools must be broken up.

People pulled away from them must remain away, lest they turn back, and become infected again, or, more likely, be tempted to speak sinfully, when anger and emotion are triggered.

Silence is necessary.

Silence has become my friend. Speaking and "getting it all out" used to be my goal, now, keeping my mouth shut is serving me well.

Silence with people, yet praying to God, to handle life. It works way better than my old ways. I no longer react in feelings or opinions or vain and rambling words. I react to everything now, if a reaction is even there, in prayer. Taking everything to Him, asking that He set my mind and thoughts where they should be. I ask Him to keep my mind, and order my steps. Emotions are kept in check, in their place. If I have tears, I go to Him, and He dries them, so I can get on with my day and my life.

Being physically "disabled" has helped me so much in this life. I can no longer run from my problems, not even take a walk to let off steam. Everything must be handled through prayer. I've grown rich in faith, but barely a penny to my name. I trust Him for all provision.

I'm free, and going in the right direction.

I was once an erupting volcano, with all my thoughts and words, but now, through silence, am finally free.

Thank You Jesus

amycat1010

Sat. Sept. 28, 2019

Other notes

[https://archive.org/details/fav-notes7\\_24](https://archive.org/details/fav-notes7_24)

Fun (Birdtown blog)

<https://thebirdtownblog.blogspot.com>

# The Milk

(a poem)

It wonders why it's bottled so,  
and sitting in your fridge.  
It thought 'twas meant for hungry calves  
not transported o'er a bridge

On journeys far from the farm,  
where mother cow abides  
bottled up and sent far out  
in lengthy, cold truck rides.

One might say that milk is happy  
to be so well appreciated  
but truth be told, it yearns to help  
baby cows be satiated.

O! milk, I am thankful for thee  
pouring you makes fine ripples!  
But I try not to remember  
that you come from fat cow nipples.



# The Onion

(a poem)

Just a humble vegetable  
consider me,  
if you're able

So much flavor  
packed inside  
In paper skin  
I do abide

Cook me tender  
or slice me raw  
just use a good knife  
you don't need a saw

Have you seen  
my circular layers?  
They make nice garnish  
(but not party favors)

My flavor is strong



but I'm good for you  
I might help  
with cold and flu

I'm sorry if I  
made your breath stink  
and left a foul odor  
in your sink

One more thing  
and I'll say goodbye  
I'm sorry if  
I made you cry

Birdtown Comics

# The Pecan Tree

(a poem)

There is a tree outside my window,  
With branches strong and wide.  
The tree is not inside my house,  
Because trees... grow outside.

I look upon the branch's tips  
I look among the leaves.  
What I see doth trouble me,  
It makes my heart weep... it grieves.

Green casings are popping open,  
New pecans are bursting forth.  
Knowing not their dismal fate  
Or their scanty worth.

One will fall onto the ground  
Where it will decay, so smelly.  
One will find it's way into  
A greedy rodent's belly.

Yet another pecan will drop and be  
Picked up by a passerby,  
Only to be painfully shelled  
And cast into a pie!

O, Tree of Pecans,  
Why do you bear your fruit?  
How do you cope  
And maintain your hope  
When your offspring are crunched 'neath a boot?

Birdtown Comics

# The Pillow

(a poem)

Soft and puffy  
cushioning your face  
tucked inside  
the pillowcase

It's just the right size  
and not complicated  
it keeps your neck  
elevated

Some come with feathers  
others, foam  
You might have many  
in your home

Some are big  
some are small  
some are flat

like nothing at all

It waits on your bed  
all day long  
for you to return  
is that wrong?

Sometimes you hug it  
like a good fluffy buddy  
It cradles your head  
when you lean back and study

Here's to the pillows,  
everywhere  
and about that tag -  
is it OK to tear?

Birdtown Comics

# The Pimple

(a poem)

I've been brewing for a while,  
I may be ugly but I am not vile  
I'm just a little bit o' pus  
no need to make such a fuss.

I can't help the state I'm in,  
slowly growing in your skin.  
You've tried creams, you've tried gels  
but I'm still here (with white blood cells)

I know the day will soon come  
when you will squeeze me 'till I'm numb.  
I will try and do my best  
to evacuate your epidermis

Just please don't hurt me  
with your hand  
I'm just visiting  
from a sebaceous gland.

Before you know it  
I'll disappear  
so wear your smile  
and be of good cheer!

Birdtown Comics

# The Pot Of Beans

(a poem)

It's sitting there  
on the stove  
in a little heated cove  
Filled with beans, still quite firm  
they need to soak  
for their full term.

Once the clock  
has passed eight hours  
the beans release  
their expanding powers  
They grow big  
and they get fat  
Ready to cook  
how 'bout that?

Change the water  
add salt (a dash)  
now stir gently,



don't whip or mash

Let them cook  
on very low heat  
Towards the end  
you can add meat

As the water starts to simmer  
you'll see the water growing dimmer  
what was once such water clear  
is now becoming broth so dear.

Add some garlic  
pepper too  
maybe a bouillon cube  
Soon enough these beans will be  
in your gastrointestinal tube.

Get a bowl and fill it up  
if your belly has room  
now it's time to enjoy  
this fine and tasty legume.

If later on you feel taught  
as if you're swelling up a lot  
don't you worry, it will pass

it's only the inevitable gas.

Birdtown Comics

# The Refrigerator

(a poem)

In your kitchen  
I happily stand  
I'm just an average  
household brand.

I work hard  
night and day  
to chill your food  
and stop decay.

I am two parts  
it's really quite nice  
chilly below  
and above, there's ice.

You can go  
to the store  
and get more stuff  
I can hold more!

I like it when  
you bring home fruit  
and put it in  
my drawer, so cute

I'm happy with  
the condiments too  
you line them up  
in an orderly queue.

Don't be mad  
when my light goes out  
I'll keep running  
have no doubt

Let me chill  
your chocolate pie  
if I sometimes hum  
don't ask why

My freezer top  
is like the North Pole  
come get ice cream!  
(if that's your goal)

Keep me clean

defrosted, too  
an appliance friend  
I'll be to you.

Birdtown Comics

# The Rock

(a poem)

See me here,  
on the dock?  
Pick me up!  
I'm a rock!

You can take me  
home with you  
A token of  
this lake so blue.

I'm made of many  
minerals  
hard, not soft  
like dinner rolls

I was formed  
so long ago  
under sand  
and 'neath the snow

I'm made of atoms  
on a mission  
resulting in my  
chemical composition

Sometimes I'm loved  
so much, I'm kissed  
by overzealous  
Geologists

I'd let you meet  
my friend (a player)  
but he's from some other  
sedimentary layer.

Birdtown Comics

# The Shoe

(a poem)

Made of leather,  
and a little glue  
I was made  
just for you

A perfect fit  
like no other  
You got your bunions  
from your mother.

I hold your foot  
with steady support  
At the office,  
or basketball court.

With sock in place  
and tied up laces  
you can go  
so many places!



Even if  
your feet do stink  
They are wonderful,  
I think

I am your shoe  
how do you do?  
Guess what! There's more!  
I come in two!

One for the left  
and one for the right  
With me  
you can walk all night!

And when you come home  
when the day is done  
let me air out  
for tomorrow's fun.

I like your feet  
and also your toes  
I will protect them  
from nature's foes

Pebbles, rocks, bees with stings

pointy, prickly, dangerous things  
I will shield your feet from these  
So take care of me, if you please

Birdtown Comics

# The Sink

(a poem)

Bring your dishes!

Hear them clink!

I'm your friendly  
kitchen sink!

I fill with water  
from the faucet  
so you can take  
your bowl and wash it.

I'm made of steel  
the stainless type  
It tickles when  
with sponge you wipe.

If you plug my drain and then  
fill me up with suds  
your dirty dishes and I will  
become the best of buds!

Careful not to stop me up  
with oils, grease and fat  
For sometimes it is difficult  
to find where the clog is at.

You can use me for  
other things  
like bathing your pet cat  
or giving a long hot soak  
to your sweaty baseball hat.

I am here to wash your hands  
in either cold or hot  
and fill your cup with clean water  
if thirst is what you got.

All in all, my uses are  
an assorted mixture  
I hope that you  
will think of me  
as a helpful kitchen fixture!





# The Slightly Bruised Banana



(a poem)

Alone it sits  
upon the counter  
yellow, soft, and ripe

Gently weeping to itself,  
“Am I just not your type?”

It fondly thinks of yesterdays  
when connected to the bunch.  
It remembers youthful daydreams  
of being somebody’s lunch.

But now it sits all lonesome  
watching kitchen passerbys  
and with each overlooking  
forms new bruises, spots, ... and cries.

Next time you’re in the kitchen  
and see that fruit of yellow  
take and eat the poor old thing

(or pretend it's a phone, and say hello!)

Birdtown Comics

# The Spider

(a poem)

I see a foot!  
I want to bite her!  
That's because  
I'm a spider!

I have a web  
(spun it myself)  
in the corner  
of your bookshelf

I catch flies  
and I catch gnats  
I wish I could  
ensnare some rats

I have eight legs  
and lots of eyes  
I am cautious  
patient and wise.



Laid some eggs  
in a sac  
and when they hatch  
watch your back

Don't put me in  
a jar, with lid  
I'm a free range  
Arachnid

I might hide  
in jeans of denim  
and inject you  
with some venom

My home is made  
of finest silk  
soft and smooth  
like buttermilk

If you see me  
a request, I give  
please ignore  
and let me live

I can't help

my frightful appearance  
all I want is  
household clearance

I will eat  
the bugs I see  
if you refrain  
from killing me.

Birdtown Comics

# The Trash Can

(a poem)

It stands there  
in the corner  
waiting to be filled  
It's the one  
that takes old food  
and roaches that you killed.

There's a green one  
right outside  
that greets the garbage truck  
And there's a small one  
in the office  
where you go to make a buck.

There's a tall one  
in the kitchen  
where you fix your food  
And there's another  
in the bathroom  
where you go to poo.

There's a large one  
up the road  
now don't be a bum, Sir  
take your broken furniture  
and put it in the dumpster.

Of all containers in the world  
trash is great, methinks  
Say "thank you" to your trash today!  
even though it stinks.

Birdtown Comics

# The Washing Machine

(a poem)

I'm here to help you  
with your clothes  
however soiled they get.  
I will saturate,  
then agitate  
soapy, sudsy, and wet.

I will be your washing buddy  
if your jeans get all muddy  
and should your shirt  
be stained with sauce  
I'm the household  
laundry boss

When your socks  
are moist with sweat  
Do not fear,  
there's hope yet!  
I will even help repair  
all last week's

underwear.

I make your clothes  
nice and clean  
I'm your friendly  
washing machine.

Birdtown Comics

# The Weed

(a poem)

Growing here  
in your yard  
isn't really  
very hard

I like to be  
in the dirt  
and wear my green  
leafy shirt

My roots go down  
into the soil  
sorry if I  
make you toil

Why do you  
even try  
to be rid of me  
and make me die?

I'm just a humble  
little sprout  
throwing my seedlings  
round about

I like it here  
on your lawn  
drinking dewdrops  
dusk 'till dawn

Why can't I  
be loved as much  
as flowers, trees,  
gardens, and such?

I have leaves!  
Stem and root!  
But you just stomp me  
with your boot.

Birdtown Comics



# The Worm

(a poem)

I'm small and slimey

I like to squirm

I'm a lowly

little worm

I was born

in the dirt

I have no spine

it doesn't hurt

I tunnel through

the soil deep

I feast upon

the compost heap

I have no legs

but I am strong

with wiggly motions

I get along

I mean no harm  
I hurt no one  
so why do you step  
on me, for fun?

Birdtown Comics

# A Bowl Of Ramen

(a poem)

Crunchy noodles in a square  
how'd all that flavor  
get in there?

Chicken, Shrimp, Chili, Beef  
can't wait to get some on my teef

Get a pan, two cups water  
in no time at all  
in will be hotter

Set aside the flavor pack  
inform your tastebuds  
there's no turning back

Get an egg, crack it nice  
let it cook in the liquid spice

The noodles are long  
and curly too

yet they untangle  
as if on cue

In three minute's time  
your feast is ready  
fill your bowl,  
hold it steady

Pass me a napkin  
if you please  
I'm having soupy goodness  
from the Japanese.

Birdtown Comics

# Buttered Toast

(a poem)

Good Morning!

While you await  
your coffee roast  
How 'bout a piece  
of buttered toast?

Just get your bread  
and take a slice  
A perfect square!  
Ain't that nice?

Did you see  
my golden crust?  
Eat that too,  
it's a must!

Is the toaster  
plugged right in?  
Get another slice  
and drop me in!

It's hot inside  
this toaster oven  
but it's your tummy  
I'm a-lovin'

I'm getting brown  
and slightly crispy  
thinking 'bout butter  
light and wispy

Oh! I popped up now!  
It's time to eat!  
Let me be  
your morning treat!

I'm just a little  
piece of bread  
Hoping to wake  
your morning head.

If you want  
to treat your belly  
don't forget  
a little jelly

I feed the rich  
I feed the poor  
forgive me for  
the crumbs on the floor.

Birdtown Comics

# Math

(a poem)

How many fish  
did you catch  
when you went a-fishin'?  
That, my friend,  
is answered by  
doing some Addition.

How many apples  
fell from the tree  
because of gravity's action?  
That one can  
be found out  
by doing some Subtraction.

If you want  
to have two shirts  
for each day of vacation,  
you can pack  
just what you need  
by using Multiplication.



If you have  
a bunch of cookies  
to share with fair precision,  
count your cookies,  
then your friends,  
then use our friend Division.

Numbers are fun to use  
it's not hard to count.  
Math will help you on your quest  
to find the right amount!

Birdtown Comics

# The Balloon

(a poem)

Made of latex  
filled with air  
how'd it get  
way up there?

Round and shiny  
packed with helium  
tied with string  
(that's for sealing 'em)

Sometimes red  
sometimes blue  
maybe at  
a party for you

Fill one up  
with some water  
when summer comes  
and it's hotter

Take it out  
throw it hard  
it will burst  
in your yard

Get some at  
the grocery store  
for your friend  
who's foot is sore

Bring one in  
to work today  
give it to  
some guy named Ray

Write a note  
and tie it tight  
then release it  
into the night

Balloons are happy  
free and fun  
but they will pop  
when sat upon.



# The Bath

(a poem)

I am warm  
not too hot  
pour in bubbles  
(not a lot)

Get undressed  
all the way  
I will look  
the other way

Step right in  
over the tub  
get your rag  
(so you can scrub)

Lean on back  
put up your feet  
I will soak you  
in liquid heat

Take a break  
no need to rush  
Hey! I like your  
new scrub brush!

Now let's start  
to get washed clean  
don't forget those parts  
better left unseen

Wash your face  
and both ears too  
now reach up there  
and get your shampoo

Lather up your oily head  
remember what your mother said  
scrub it good, in case there's nits  
and don't forget your smelly armpits

Wash your back  
it won't be hard  
scrub your belly  
you tub o' lard

Now the water is getting cold

this might be getting a little old.  
Climb on out, dry your skin  
wait! did you wash your  
belly button?

Birdtown Comics

The Bear

(a poem)

See my claws  
and my brown hair?  
Hey man,  
I'm a Grizzly Bear

My teeth are sharp  
my eyes are deep  
I might eat you  
whilst you sleep

It's not that I mean  
to be so bad  
but there's no dinner to be had

When humans come  
into the wood  
I sniff the air  
it smells so good



I creep slow  
upon the tent  
I pull up poles  
they get bent

I tear the fabric  
the humans shout  
I growl at them  
I want them to come out!

I'm hungry and  
they smell so tasty  
like a streudel  
(a German pastry)

Here they come  
now I can eat!  
But wait -  
maybe I will take a seat

The humans are  
talking nice  
they just said  
I'm sugar and spice

They're petting me

and hugging me too  
I can't eat them now  
that's the wrong thing to do

They gave me food  
hamburger and fries  
I won't eat them now  
it wouldn't be wise

I think my mind  
has completely changed  
I'll stop eating humans  
and being deranged.

Birdtown Comics

# The Boat

(a poem)

Sitting on the water fine  
slowly gathering salty brine  
Built to lightly go afloat  
I'm just a little happy boat.

I have an anchor  
and a sail  
a little cabin  
to shield from gale.

I carry humans  
to and fro  
on the water,  
if they wish to go

With clouds above  
and fish down yonder  
I sometimes like to  
gently wander

'Round the cove  
and thru the wave  
I am weathered,  
strong and brave.

I have friends  
who visit oft  
Seagulls rest  
upon my loft

Barnacles  
do adhere  
to my lower  
hemisphere

I have lifejackets  
and nightlights too  
a telescope,  
for starboard view.

If you want  
to travel light  
take a boat  
it is alright!



# The Boat

(a poem)

Sitting on the water fine  
slowly gathering salty brine  
Built to lightly go afloat  
I'm just a little happy boat.

I have an anchor  
and a sail  
a little cabin  
to shield from gale.

I carry humans  
to and fro  
on the water,  
if they wish to go

With clouds above  
and fish down yonder  
I sometimes like to  
gently wander

'Round the cove  
and thru the wave  
I am weathered,  
strong and brave.

I have friends  
who visit oft  
Seagulls rest  
upon my loft

Barnacles  
do adhere  
to my lower  
hemisphere

I have lifejackets  
and nightlights too  
a telescope,  
for starboard view.

If you want  
to travel light  
take a boat  
it is alright!





# The Car

(a poem)

Hop on in, li'l lassie!  
I will carry you, in my chassis  
We'll go near, we'll go far  
I will be your Very Best Car.

Buckle up, lock the doors  
did you see my carpeted floors?  
Adjust the air, steering wheel too  
I am ready to transport you.

Got your key? Put it in!  
Now let's go for a little spin  
Around the block, into town  
don't let the traffic get you down

Honk your horn, sing out loud  
nevermind that big rain cloud.  
Let's drive slow, let's drive fast  
let's go forward, having a blast.

I have four wheels  
and a hood  
gas me up  
and oil me good

Take me in  
for the annual check  
and take care  
you don't me wreck.

Take me through  
the nice car wash  
especially when  
through mud you slosh.

Make my payments  
right on time  
I'll try to be worth  
every dime

Please be careful  
on the road  
to not run over  
cat, dog, or toad.

Remember too

**Safety first!**  
**or your next ride**  
**will be in a hearse.**

**Thanks for choosing me**  
**off the lot**  
**now let's enjoy**  
**the car you got!**

**Birdtown Comics**

# The Cavity

(a poem)

Here I sit, upon your tooth  
cozy in this ivory booth.  
On the molar, in the back  
I started with a tiny crack.

I hope you don't mind  
me growing here  
I'm having fun  
I have no fear.

You brush and brush  
(twice, today!)  
but you still can't make  
me go away.

You tried the special  
toothpaste blend  
that nine out of ten  
dentists recommend

But I'm still here  
in your mouth  
and if you don't catch me  
I will travel south

Into the root,  
and onto the nerve  
then I might  
make a curve...

I'll spread myself  
to the tooth next door  
if you don't stop me,  
I'll do more.

I don't mean to scare you  
I mean what I say  
I am your friendly  
tooth decay.

Birdtown Comics

# The Chair

(a poem)

See that thing  
over there?  
That, my friend,  
is a chair

It might be made  
out of wood  
It has four legs  
like it should.

It is there for  
moments such  
you don't feel like standing  
very much.

At the table  
while you eat  
use your chair  
take a seat!

At the office  
working fast  
your chair is there to  
make your feet last.

While at school  
learning stuff  
your chair will keep you  
comfortable enough.

But the best thing  
about a chair  
it's made to hold  
your derrière.

Birdtown Comics

# The Ear

(a poem)

It sits attached  
to your head  
it gets pressed  
upon your bed

A little cup  
to catch sound  
with a lobe  
soft and round.

Fashioned as  
a sonar device  
it lets you hear  
isn't that nice?

A train's horn  
a bird's chirp  
the howling wind  
a loud burp



These are sounds  
that you can hear  
thanks to the organ  
we call the ear.

And even when  
your hearing is gone  
ears help you keep  
your glasses on.

Birdtown Comics

# The Egg

(a poem)

I am small and

I am white

Shaped of an oval,  
plump and light.

I am destined for your gut  
Having emerged from  
a chicken's butt.

A fragile shell  
with yolk inside  
You might like me  
scrambled or fried.

I was going to be  
a poultry bird  
but instead  
I'm cracked and stirred.

It's ok, it's just as well

it's better than  
that barnyard smell.

You picked me out  
at the store  
I came with friends,  
eleven more.

If you're not careful  
I will break  
and that would be  
a big mistake.  
So handle me gently  
OK, fella?  
or I will spread  
Salmonella.

Birdtown Comics

# The Floor

(a poem)

Way down here  
on the ground  
is where I will  
always be found

Made of wood  
and other stuff  
you can shine me,  
if you buff

I am plain  
and I am flat  
I'm a place  
for your cat

Walk on me,  
it's ok  
that's why I am here  
today

You can choose  
a rug for me  
I won't complain  
if it's ugly

You can construct  
me from wood  
and I will last  
like a good floor should.

When something slips  
from your hand  
I will catch it  
see it land?

Everything  
lands on me  
that's because  
of gravity

You will find me  
everywhere  
beneath your feet  
with room to spare

If you don't find

me appealing  
then meet my friend  
Mr. Ceiling!

Birdtown Comics

# The Flower

(a poem)

With colors so fresh  
and fragrance galore  
need I say  
any more?

A flower is  
a happy fella  
blooming red,  
pink and yella

Bees do come  
for nectar drinks  
nobody says  
that flowers stink

Pick them here  
pick them there  
stick one in  
your tangled hair

The petals reach  
out to say  
have a smile  
on me today!

Green leaves grow  
as good leaves do  
hoping maybe  
to hug you.

Some climb high  
others, low  
there's so many  
ways to grow

A little rain  
and gold sunlight  
the stem will grow  
straight upright

Nevermind  
if there's a thorn  
just don't pick that one  
on this pretty morn'

Flowers bloom



with honest pleasure  
one of earth's  
finest treasures

If their pollen  
makes you sneeze  
just forgive them  
if you please

They don't mean  
to bother you  
they just be tryin'  
to reproduce

And if you see  
a dandelion  
you can eat it  
ever tried one?



Birdtown Comics

# The Hand

(a poem)

With four fingers  
and a thumb  
Agile, able  
and quite handsome

The hand is nice  
to have around  
when no other  
tool is found

It can grip  
it can hold  
it can pinch  
it can fold

It can point  
it can wave  
it can carry  
it can shave

It can open  
it can close  
it can even  
pick your nose

It can grasp  
it can write  
it can make a fist, and fight

The hand is made of supple skin  
containing many bones within.  
There is a wrist, and then a palm  
which can be moisturized with balm.

If you really  
want to linger  
we can talk  
about the finger  
With these you can  
fasten a buckle,  
bending with each  
helpful knuckle.

Then there are  
the fingertips  
good for opening

potato chips

Hands can build,  
chop and weld  
but they like best  
to be held.

Birdtown Comics



# The Hangnail

(a poem)

Sticking up  
from your thumb  
you kept picking  
why u so dumb?

Now it hurts  
it's real sore  
but there you go  
picking it more

You think you'll make it  
go away  
by trying some  
other way  
to pry it out  
of your skin  
but it just  
grows in  
(again)

Now it's purple  
and swollen, too  
it's tiny but  
it bothers you!

You take a needle  
(the sewing kind)  
to excavate  
this cuticle rind

You poke it here  
and stab it there  
ouch! That hurts!  
It isn't fair!

The skin is peeled  
away from the source  
making it even more painful,  
of course

It's bleeding now  
but there's the prize  
what was formerly hidden  
from your eyes

There it is

deeply embedded  
going where other nails  
feared to tread

You lift it up  
and pry it out  
it could've taken  
another route

A nice cold rinse  
a bandaid too  
and there you have it,  
good as new

I hope you enjoyed  
this little tale  
about a wayward  
fingernail.

Birdtown Comics

# The Horse

(a poem)

I stand tall and I stand proud  
with fearsome nostrils I'm endowed  
I swish my tail and stomp my hoof  
my demeanor is a bit aloof

I run through fields  
I sleep in barns  
my mane gets braided  
with colorful yarns

I love to romp  
I love to play  
I eat grains  
and lots of hay

You can ride me  
if you like  
it's way more fun  
than a bike!



I will gallop  
and I will trot  
make you fall,  
I will not!

Come, let's enjoy  
this pretty day  
will you regret it?  
*...Neigh!*

**Birdtown Comics**

# The Hot Dog

(a poem)

Nestled in a bready bun  
I'm a little hotdog, hun!  
Not too small, not too big  
made from several parts of pig.

I come in many a tasty flavor  
at gatherings, it's me they savor  
With chili and cheese I taste great  
you don't even need a plate

Go to the ballgame, you'll find me there  
eat me plain, I don't care!  
Catsup, mustard, onions too  
I greet your tastebuds -  
How do you do?

You'll see me at the skating rink  
and at the movie theater  
You can buy me for a friend  
what better way to treat her?

You can cut me up and then  
add me to macaroni  
Eat me often, I can help  
if you're thin and bony

Make me at home, any time  
in your microwave  
Please don't waste a bit of me  
'cause a pig, it's life it gave

Birdtown Comics

# The Large Intestine

(a poem)

Look down there  
at your belly  
I know it might be  
a little smelly

See the part  
'neath the belly button?  
Therein lies  
your Large Intestine

It's long, it's strong  
it takes your food  
mashes it, smashes it  
until it's poo.

That taco you had  
on Wednesday night  
might be there now  
packed real tight

In this part  
of your body  
food gets ready  
for the potty.

It absorbs water  
from elsewhere  
to lubricate  
this thoroughfare

An important part  
of digestion  
it comes after  
the smaller one.

Whether you're fat  
or really thin  
you, no doubt,  
have a Large Intestine

Birdtown Comics



## Barefoot Again

I need to make an announcement:

Today, I walked barefoot, with no problems.

It's been about 5 years since I've felt the ground under my own feet.

And I didn't even know I could do it!

It all started in the kitchen... I made brownies, and needed a toothpick to check if they were done, and reached up on a high shelf to get one, and stood on my tiptoes for the first time in about 5 years, and my feet held up. I was surprised, and did it again, and again, up and down on my tiptoes, in my pink crocs, laughing, amazed that my feet and ankles were strong enough to tiptoe.

Someone was in the kitchen, who hasn't known me that long, and doesn't know the sordid details of my feet, and how I haven't been able to use them for a long time. They only know I was unable to walk for the past 5 years, and in a wheelchair, but have been up and walking, with shoes, for the past 4 or so months.

So, being the over-explainer that I am, wanted to show said person how I can walk WITH the squishy shoes on, but can't take any steps barefoot. So I took off my crocks, and took a step, to show them what happens, for entertainment value I guess, thinking my upper body would fall forward like always, and my feet freeze in place.

But...something else happened. Not only did my back remain upright, but I took a step, then another, then another, like it was nothing! And I was surprised and was laughing, walking joyfully, barefoot, all over the kitchen, laughing...

So.... MY FEET ARE HEALED COMPLETELY!!, and I am walking again, like a normal person, with no cane, no help.

JESUS HEALED ME..... AGAIN!!!!

I went outside and walked in the sand, felt the dirt and grass and sand underneath my feet today, for the first time in 5 years, and it felt so good, I laughed, and my feet got so dirty.

Today, before I found out my feet had healed, I said to someone, (because it was Resurrection Day), "Jesus is risen!! He's alive!!" ...and then, just minutes later, I found out that He had fixed my feet.

I just can't contain my joy!!

I knew He was going to heal me about a year and a half ago, that I would be able to walk again. But I have been trusting Him and not pushing it or striving on my own, just waiting on Him. Because I have no idea how to handle myself physically, that's all Him, it's too much for me to try to understand or fix. Also, no doctor or medication has healed me, it was all Him.

Good things happen when we put our trust in Him.

My feet are still numb in some places, with some toes that don't bend or have feeling at all, and



there's odd bumpy bony places on the tops of my feet and ankles, but I'm able to walk at almost a normal pace, and my balance is back to normal too. I'm glad my wheelchair has been put away, out of sight, or I would have easily been tempted to sit back down in it a few times over these last few months. But I kept going, even when I was tired and sore, and my upper body falling forward, making we stagger around like an old withered hag. I've learned, it comes back! My strength seems to come and go, sort of like the ocean tide, and when it goes, I don't have to freak out, or even sit back down in the chair. I can just keep calm, and walk through it, and then my strength returns.

I am very excited to know that I can walk again, without shoes, and plan on feeling the sand under my feet every day, from here on out.

amycat1010

Mon. April 13, 2020

## The Bo Weevil Club Book - 1979

I was 10 years old. My dad had just built some stairs outside that led up to the second story. At the base of these stairs was a smooth block of concrete that I claimed and called the Mr. Bill Skating Rink, but that's a different story. These stairs were supported by big metal poles that I was fascinated with. I would sit in my pecan tree and imagine what it would be like to slide down one, would I get hurt? I never found out. I had decided that these new stairs, the space underneath and the landing on top, would make the perfect location for a club.

I'm not sure why I named it "The Bo Weevil Club". I think I had recently heard the word "boll weevil", misheard it of course, and named my new club after what I thought sounded like a very cute bug. I liked bugs very much as a kid (still do.)

This "club book" was written in a date book thing, a calendar notebook for the new year. It was brown, and a freebie from a local company. It was given to me, and I thought it was really neat. I got to work on planning my new club right away.

(in front cover I wrote:)

Blood Type: O Negative

Allergic To: school, boys, doctors

December 1979

10 Mon

Kristi- Member

Michelle- Leader

Gloria- Member

Janet- Member

Pam- Member

11 Tues

D- ARCN

Amy- Leader

T - Secretary

Nippy- Entertainer

Max- Helper

12 Wed

Tamba- Entertainer

Dawn- Janitor

Teresa- Member

Terri- Vice President

Holi & John- Members

Julie- Vice Boss

(a few pages torn out)

20 Thurs

RULES

No Fighting

(spitting, throwing, yelling, or hitting.)

21 Fri

YOU MUST USE YOUR PASSWORD TO GET IN

(the password is)

BO WEEVIL

22 Sat

Don't slide down the poles

23 Sun

Let the nurse help you if you get hurt.

24 Mon

RULES con't.

If you are a Bo Weevil (Club Member), you must obey the rules or you will be kicked out.

25 Tues

NO BOYS ALLOWED !!

26 Wed

Don't innerrupt when someone is talking. Be interested in what they say.

27 Thurs

If you are afraid of dogs, don't run from Nippy is a nice dog and won't bite. She mite smell you alot.

28 Fri

## CLUB PETS

Nippy

Max

Tamba

Dawn

29 Sat

Bo Weevil (secret code)

BO WEEVIL

30 Sun

(wrote a series of characters that look like heiroglyphics, could be the code?)

31 Mon

DAYS

Gossip Day

talk about other people

1 Tues

Joke Day

tell jokes

2 Wed

Game Day

play games

**3 Thurs**  
**Play Day**  
**play stuff**

**4 Fri**  
**P.E. Day**  
**Jump on trampoline, do exercises & climb & skate**

**5 Sat**  
**Make Day**  
**make things**

**6 Sun**  
**Pet Day**  
**honor the pets**

**7 Mon**  
**Tips for earning a prize**  
**Please try to bring little things to decorate the club.**

**8 Tues**  
**When we play games, if you win, you get a prize**

**9 Wed**  
**Help clean up the club**

**10 Thurs**

**Don't get on the roof without permission**

**11 Fri**

**Games We Play**

**Duck, Duck Goose**

**feel in the bag**

**Who's gone?**

**Seven Up**

**12 Sat**

**Around the World**

**Hide N Seek**

**13 Sun**

**Thump Party**

**Don't Wet Your Pants**

**14 Mon**

**A Bo Weevil's Promise**

**(memorise)**

**15 Tues**

**As a Bo Weevil, I will always do my best. I will share with others. I am a true Bo Weevil.**

**16 Wed**

## Our Colors

Brown

White

Lavender.

## 17 Thurs

### What Our Flag Looks Like

(drew a picture of a very cute bug with 8 arms, 4 legs, antennas and a smile on a flag with stripes)

## 18 Fri

### JOKES

knock-knock.

who's there?

Nuna.

Nuna who?

Nuna Buisness.

## 19 Sat

Did you hear about the doggie who thought cheerios were donut seeds?

## 21 Mon

### HOW TO GET IN

let the leaders fill you out a form saying name, telephone,

## 22 Tues

phone number, & age. You must keep your form. We will keep a copy of it.



23 Wed

Everyone in the club must be 8 or older. (exept) for pets & visitors. We have bandaids

24 Thurs

& bandages if you get hurt. If you have to use the bathroom go in through the

25 Fri

back door. (go down the steps)

26 Sat

TRAMPOLINE RULES

27 Sun

only 2 people on at a time, don't jump off.

28 Mon

Don't tell anyone the password if you are a Bo Weevil.

29 Tues

We will eat little snacks of the following:

30 Wed

cookies

water

crackers

coke (maybe)

candy

pecans

31 Thurs

Our Club Flower:

Morning Glory

which means:

1 Fri

symbol of promise, love, kindness

2 Sat

There will be no dues. It is a free

3 Sun

club. If we go to Hodges, you

4 Mon

have to bring your own money. (all we by is candy & coke & chips for the club.)

5 Tues

Every time we have a meeting, Amy calls roll. If you are absent, we will mark it down.

6 Wed

When we have a meeting, if that day is your B.D., you get to draw out of the Surprise bag.

7 Thurs

When we have a conversation, we must take turns discussing things.

8 Fri

CLUB DIARY

today we set up the club. No one has come yet, but Michelle is coming over Fri. 15th. She will help me.

9 Sat

We did not use the club yet.

10 Sun

I fixed the club up with tables & chairs.

11 Mon

today I got everything ready for the club. Nurse things, especially. D signed up.

(last entry)

written in back of book:

If you want to drop out of the club, you must sign a contract.

Good Deeds we have done:

help the teachers

support Campfire

(created a page containing a graph for Nurse checkups & listed all of my expected club members)

(created a page that was supposed to document all field trips)

(created a page for Roll Call)

date book came with map of United States in back, showing area codes. I circled Dallas, drew a big arrow toward it, and wrote "214, Dallas"

...and that's it.

Needless to say, nobody ever came to my club.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 2008**

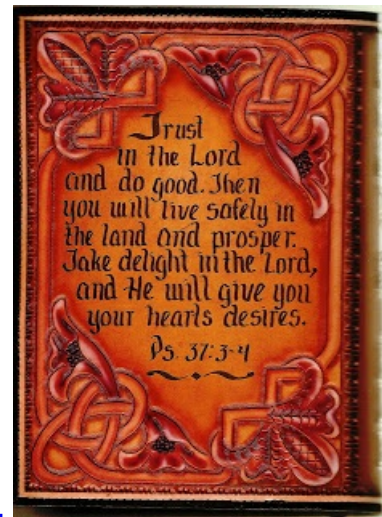
.

This is my Bible (well obviously.) The leather cover was custom created for me by this guy in prison. I don't know him, but my brother in law used to work with a guy who found out about him. He takes orders. What you do is, lay your Bible (open) on a big sheet of paper and trace around it, write down your favorite verse, throw in an unspecified amount of money (I didn't pay for it so I don't know how much he charges) and BAM! About a month later you get a really cool custom made Bible cover in the mail. Oh also you tell him your name & he puts it on the front if you want him to. I was thinking I should post his contact info here but I don't have it. Maybe I'll try to get it. But I don't know if he's still in the pen or not. But I'll find out.



I just wanted to show you my favorite things. Kind of like Show & Tell. Cause the last time I participated in Show & Tell, I was driven over the edge in a state of sheer humiliation that resulted in my sitting on my favorite turtle (see picture) and peeing on him. I didn't mean to pee on him, but I did mean to sit on him. I was trying to hide him cause I was informed (rudely) by a fellow preschooler that today WAS NOT Show & Tell day. It was tomorrow. So in order to save face I decided to sit on Windalie (you can see his winder if you look closely) but then some kids saw him sticking out from underneath me, sending me into the whole nervous humiliation thing that made me wet my pants. So maybe this time around will be a better experience.

Here's the back of it. I chose this verse because it reminds me of how simple it really is to live a life that pleases our Maker. That, and the fact that "living safely in the land" tops my list of desires for this wretched planet. I'm big on safety. In fact I think I need a bodyguard. But they wouldn't understand the nature of the protection I require so I'd have to hire a bodyguard for the bodyguard. And it would just spiral out of control from there. So I think I'm better off winging it till I crash and burn. If you have no idea what I'm talking about



[then it's obvious you have so much catching up to do. This is ridiculous.](#)



Red leather bookmark, made by an inmate back in '92.

[My necklaces, got at the mall a few months ago in an attempt to remind myself that I am worth decorating. Not that I have anywhere to go or any place to wear them. But they are there. They are draped over my little Lighthouse nightlite in my bathroom. I don't really need a nightlite but I think they make a room look pretty.](#)



[I tore this out of a big New Yorker cartoon book \(you can find them at used bookstores & they're worth the \\$8.00\). When I first saw this it took me a while to figure out what it meant, then when it hit me, that it's summing up my entire outlook on commercialism and greed and how we are fed such nonsense from the media like starving stupid sheep in the soup line. I "laminated" it in mailing tape a few years ago and it's one of the few things that I actually put on my wall. Well now it lives in one of my favorite books \(Foxe's Book of English Martyrs\). Speaking of that book, I had the idea to write about some of the amazing folks who were burned, beheaded, and otherwise bullied for their beliefs. Yes I think I will. Later, though.](#)



Another one of my rare wall decorations. (I can count on one hand the number of objects that adorn my bedroom wall). My daughter gave this to me for my birthday in 2005. We were at Ross and I saw it, picked it up and was carrying it around, when she saw me and said, "oh Mommy, that's cute, do you like it?" I nodded, and she took it and said, "then I'll get it for you for your birthday!" Which made me crack up. How backwards is that. Like a child I was carrying it around, and I got to put it in the cart. My kid is hilarious. We have a secret saying: "This is TIBBY". It stands for "This Is Backwards". We use it alot. She's really sensible and

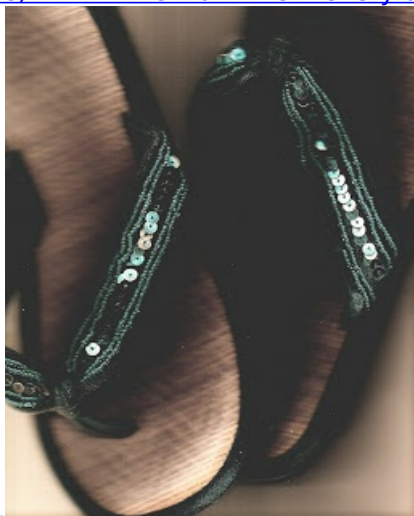


mature for her age. I'm not.



HAND-PAINTED CROSS BOOKMARKS!!!!!!!!!!!! Cute, I know!

my favorite flip-flops, I think I've worn them every day for a whole year now. Even when it's cold. Even to get



applications. Wait...

I was given this token one day, just minutes before an incredibly frightening event took place, by a really cool kid, and I had nothing to give him in return, but I promised him that the next time I saw him, I'd have



something cool for him.

So this old key has been living in my purse for a long time. Just in case. You never know when you're going to run into someone. And I can't break my promise. I don't know why I chose a key. I just get the feeling that boys like old keys. To be honest it's not the first key I had in mind to give him. The first one I was going to give him was a strange, small black key, I was told it was a jailer's Key, so I thought that was cool, until I



found out, it was a handcuff key. So the old rusty key is a better choice I think.

Here's my mp3 player that resembles a cockroach egg case. I own it due to having washed and dried my



beloved player, killing it.

This is my other beloved player that I killed. It was a bad brain day and I forgot it was in my jeans pocket. I actually cried when I realized what I had done. I can't bring myself to throw it away. I keep thinking it's going





[to come back somehow. You never know. Electronics are funny like that.](#)

[My key ring. I just want to demonstrate how simple my life is right now. There are only 3 keys on it: car \(not](#)



[my own\), house \(not my own\), and mailbox \(ditto.\)](#)

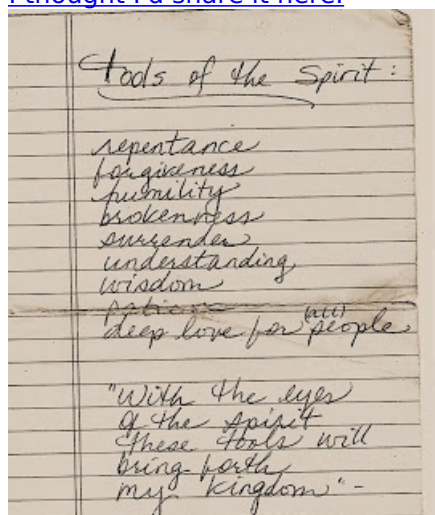
[A strange discovery a few weeks ago! As I was rooting through all these old family letters, I found a small flat box, opened it up, this handkerchief was inside along with an old handwritten note from some old relative, she said that this handkerchief belonged to my great great great grandmother, all the way back in Germany, long long ago, and she wanted me to have it. Apparently it was sent to me as a gift when I was born. So how come I'm 38 and I'm just now finding out about this? I took it out of the box and now it lives in my Bible. I got busted. My mom came looking for it, seems she saw the empty box. I told her she can't have it back. It's](#)



[mine. Proof that I have connections.](#)

[Lately I've had some struggles. And I am reminded that when life is rough on the outside, to walk by faith](#)

[and not by sight. This little note lives in my Bible too, it's copied from something I read one time. It helps. So I thought I'd share it here.](#)



## THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 2008

.



well, here I am with another piece of rum cake, with obelisks on my mind. A typical night. The reason I've had so much rum cake lately (a steady supply since Christmas) is because my grandmother is hooked on Neiman Marcus, she makes her regular trek downtown and purchases meaningless things and gives them to the family to justify her shopping addiction, rum cake being the staple item. Anyway, I'm on the third one. They last a long time. She hasn't given me three of them, she gave everyone in the family one. But nobody likes them but me, so I end up with them all.

And the reason I have another obelisk on my mind is that I'm recalling a vision I had in '06, it was regarding a woman that I was dealing with, she was a Christian but getting sucked into the Unity Movement. She was passing out these books on it & so I sort of had to set her straight and bring her back to her senses, which didn't go over so well. I ended up tossing the copy she gave me into the fireplace.

As it turns out, her father had been a pastor, and also a mason. Well in the midst of my dealings with her, I saw this in a vision~ an obelisk, it was upright, then it turned on it's side and rotated and pierced her head, went right through it, penetrated her mind.

I understood the meaning and it helped me to pray for her. She's been hornswaggled. Deceived. Generational curses have polluted the mind.

She's not the first one I've encountered with spiritual roots in Freemasonry. They seem to find me, or I them. And there's always a confrontation of some kind. But truth prevails. It's a sore subject with me, close to my heart, and I have a real burden for people who are tangled up in it. That's all I wanted to say about that. A mind was pierced, compromised. If that was the case with her, that could be the case with anyone who's got anything to do with it. Just a friendly reminder. Just one more li'l voice.

Oh and I guess I should also add that the Blood of Jesus Christ is the only thing that brings freedom, deliverance, and healing.

Those pesky obelisks just keep showing up. What next? Will my next rum cake be shaped like one? You know, about occult symbols~ I laugh at all the superstition about most of them, especially the animal ones. They were God's frogs before they represented demons, they were God's beautiful owls before they meant harm, etc etc...

But it's the shady ones I don't like, such as.....OBELISKS. If you start looking around you'll see them everywhere, especially around public buildings, schools, libraries.

Ok that's all.



some visions from '05 & '06

Saw business men being devoured in water by crocodiles, saw their arms being eaten, saw crisp clean white shirts. Understood that this represents attack(s) on American economy.

Saw teenagers walking together, in unison, through the streets, during what should have been school hours, singing and praising God, on a mission. Understood that God is raising up a mighty generation in the youth; do not underestimate. They were going places and witnessing and ministering, all on their own.

Saw a dog, as in, somebody's pet, being cooked outdoors, to be eaten. Famine.

Saw three Sanhedrin, Pharisees? Leaving the temple, leaving the city, approaching. Look of frustration upon their faces, disgruntled, not going to "put up" with all this Spirit nonsense. Understood that an increase in legalism comes against the church.

Saw group of people on a boat, a fishing boat, going to a new land, fleeing destruction. They were on a fishing boat, they had to use whatever form of transportation was available. These were Christians, I understood that they were not afraid, they accepted loss and they looked with anticipation at what was to come, totally trusting in God. "Zoomed in" on a woman's face, she stood at the front of the boat, there was a look of sheer wonder on her face. They were leaving America, and they were in icy cold waters.

Saw rows and rows of people behind bars, as if imprisoned, their arms reaching out from behind the bars, begging for release, desperate, crying out for deliverance. Heard the Lord say, "There are SO MANY to be set free."



Vision shown to me in '05:

A terrified woman, standing inside her home, facing the front door, which was closed. On her face was sheer terror, as if sudden destruction was coming, and she was panicking. She held a can of black paint in one hand, and a brush in the other. She began to frantically apply huge strokes of black paint on either side and above the door, in an effort to gain some protection from the Lord. The vision "zoomed in" on her face, I felt her fear. She was desperate.

After praying about it, I understood that in the coming times, and even now, there will be many who scramble at the last minute to find favor and protection in the Lord, but their ignorance regarding His Word

will be a disservice to them. The woman was attempting some form of Passover ritual, as if it were something that she had once heard about, but really didn't understand. As I watched her paint around the door, I thought to myself, where to begin? Passover was a one-time event, to begin with. Secondly, she was using paint instead of blood. Add to that the fact that she was painting the inside instead of the outside. I thought, she's got it wrong, all-around. Protection cannot be obtained through any ritual, it's by putting one's faith and trust in the Living God, and through the Blood of the Lamb, Jesus Christ. I heard the Lord say, "Know My Word."

I felt deep compassion for the woman and I wanted to reach out to her and tell her this, but it was too late. She had no knowledge of His Word. Destruction was on it's way. I should also add this detail, that she appeared to be involved in voodoo, or just a combination of beliefs, a hodgepodge mixture. I learned about a year later that in some rituals, black paint is actually used, sometimes even on doorposts! Freaked me out, I had no idea.

[.](#)



I posted this dream on another blog a few weeks ago, but here it is again (I'm compulsive like that) About 6 weeks ago I had a very short but disturbing dream~ I was walking slowly among rubble and remains of a great city, something had happened, some type of destruction. It was quiet, there was nothing happening at all, just me, looking at all this stuff on the ground all around me, and as I walked I came upon a huge white stone object, lying on the ground. As I walked on and saw all of it, I realized that it was an obelisk, not quite as large as the Washington monument but it was still pretty big.

American finances.... the economy....

(and this just came to me, tonight~ "Nation's Capitol"-----"nation's capital".... ah, nevermind)

[.](#)

(like this...except there were eagles & American flags on it. Also it was more fancy than this.)



Well, now I should tell you about the hospital-within-a-library dream, seeing as how I'm on the subject.

I had this one about 6 months or so ago. I was in a large public library, it was really official looking, almost as if it were inside a capitol building or something. But I wasn't there to check out books. I was there for a doctor's appointment.

Not only that, but I was made to go. As I approached the desk, I noticed a cop on either side of it, watching everything. I had a feeling of dread, and of being controlled. I noticed that the side rooms were being used as examination rooms. It was also a hospital. It was like "The" medical place for everything. I sensed that we were all being regulated and it was required that we all go there.

As I stood at the desk to sign in, I looked up, and saw that the ceiling directly above the desk was a dome, a

skylight, and there were decorations going around the inside of it, such as eagles, and ivy, and American flags. It was pretty, but I remember thinking, am I inside a domed government building?? But it was a library, or, had been. Now it was a medical establishment.

I gotta say, it was run by the same darn folks as the ones in the other dreams.

[.](#)



"Newel post"- "new post"...

new direction, or same direction, same path, new scenery, new steps to take. Ah nevermind.

Tonight I've been drinking tea and eating crackers, thinking of some dreams I've had about our country. I've written about this particular one before, but I think now's a good time to do it again.

It was back in 2004 I believe when I had this one. I saw a shopping center that had been taken over, there were armed soliders positioned upon the roof, aimed at the citizens, and there were shortages of everyday items, and things were being rationed, and I think the soldiers were guarding against looting?

Then, I saw more buildings, such as libraries and schools and such, and they all had been taken over and were all the "same place", run by the same folks...

Next, I was in a place where people were being held against their will. I was on a school campus I think, but we were fenced in and there were more soldiers... People were miserable and frightened and being made to work. I approached a person who was doing something at a table, I watched as he ground something into a fine powder, and as he worked I sensed that he was grinding down human bones. As soon as I thought this, he looked up and looked directly into my eyes and said, "It is what you think it to be."

Next I was inside this place, this school that had been taken over, and it was somewhat of a prison, the classrooms used as cells and interrogating rooms. A frightened little girl came up to me, and I knew she was there alone. I held her hand and took care of her. As we walked hand in hand down a hallway, we happened to pass by an open classroom, and the door was partially open, just enough to where I could see that there was a man being tortured inside. He was on the wall. It was very disturbing to say the least, even though it was a dream. I was worried that the little girl saw it too, and so I knelt down and put my hand on her little head and said, "Heavenly Father, may Your Holy Spirit protect this little child and may she not see these things here..." And then the little girl looked up at me and said, "I saw everything."

I was taken on some kind of a tour, saw more things, until the very end, when I was told to lie down in a bathtub, naked, it was my turn to die, and they placed a gas mask over my face. The gas stank and I began to choke, then I woke up.

I almost forgot! One of the details of this dream was a woman, she was being held against her will just like everyone else, but she sat and joked and laughed with one of "them", and I knew that she had made connections ahead of time, and now it was serving her well, she was using her influence for the betterment of the captives, but in an underhanded way, by infiltration. She was a rare exception and I knew that she was taking great risks.

I'm just going to leave it at that. Usually I like to sum up my dreams and visions, but this one needs little explanation, besides, I'm just a dreamer, and all I need to do is share what I've been shown.

I'm sharing this one tonight because of what I saw earlier. I got my country on my mind.

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 2008**

[.](#)

tonight I saw this in a vision~ a fancy stairway, like this,



...and it zoomed-in on the big wooden ball thing like in this picture, but in the vision it was a much larger ball.



(I tried to find a better picture online but couldn't find one)

Then I approached the stairs, and started to climb them, and reached out and placed my left hand on the wooden ball (I found out it's called a newel post, what the ball is on) ..and as I did, there appeared the outline of the United States on the ball, just the shape of it, simple and black.



And it made me think of two dreams I've had that involve staircases. I prayed about this one and I heard in my spirit "you know". As in, I already know the meaning. I do. And I am on the verge of tears right now as I type.

I'll write more about this one later!

[.](#)

Wait. I changed my mind about the tracker. Cause then that's all I do is look at it. Like watching a bird feeder. Or an aquarium. Or even an ant hill. You know what I'm talking about. That feeling you get, when you get lulled into something that changes slowly. Like a clock.

Plus, that would defeat the whole purpose of being on here and not Myspace. There's a freedom that comes when you have no idea how many people see what you wrote. Even on a bad day when I'm all alone, I still want to be happy with my blog. You know? You know the feeling when nobody comes to read? And you're standing there, stranded, all alone, like a cow with rabies who can't find its way back to the barn?

I made me a title thing tonight. I was going for the whole ransom note/kidnapper's message look.

Also I have 2 people mad at me right now, which is the average number. It would have been 3, but my older sister called yesterday and apologized profusely for her boorish behavior. If you hold out long enough, they'll come around.

I have 3 tacos in my belly. I'm wearing a little blue t-shirt with a picture of a hotdog, a fortune cookie, and a chinese to-go box on it. A towel on my head to keep the deep-conditioning olive oil from dripping everywhere, dollar store boxers, and bright red toenails.

(Just so you could get a good feel of me.)

## **TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 2008**

■

well, here we go.

And if you don't know what I mean by that, you sure got alot of catching up to do.

I put a tracker on this page. Even though all it shows is the country. Cause last summer I had a page that I listed on a whole bunch of sites, and bam! There was a flag from almost every country on the tracker thing. It was fun. Nevermind the fact that it was probably just the website administrators verifying my blog.

where I've been~ [http://www.myspace.com/i\\_singmysong\\_foryou](http://www.myspace.com/i_singmysong_foryou)

where I'm going~ <http://anotherblogtoabandoninafewdays.blogspot.com/>



SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 2008

.

Back in '05 when I lived in the Little White House where I got west Nile that resulted in my mental blowout that tossed me to the curb, right out of my own life, resulting in my current state of unemployment and general cluelessness but only in the physical realm,

I had all of my old journals safely hidden away in a fireproof document box that I had stolen from my dad a long time ago, all my notes and ramblings and ripped up journals were inside, and I planned on never opening the box ever again, in fact when I moved to the Little White House Where Infected Mosquitoes Dwelt, I locked said box and threw away the key,

...and buried it, in my back yard, among the row of Junipers that I planted, pretty li'l bushy evergreens that I hoped would grow fast, to hide my yard and cover up the hideous view that tormented me: a tractor, some logs, and a spiral staircase, laying flat on it's side. I was going to leave the box buried there in an effort to leave it all behind, that is until one night when my daughter's boyfriend came over and he had had a dream about Jesus, and he was sort of upset about some things and had some questions, so I asked him to help me dig up my box so I could read him my story, it took a while to dig it up, I held the flashlight and he dug, he was laughing and wondering what on earth does this have to do with anything, and I was like, just keep digging. Then he finally got to it and we got it up and I unwrapped it, it stank, even though I had it all wrapped in trash bags,

...and I read him my story that night, and he accepted Christ. It was a really cool evening. And so,



this got me to thinking, maybe I shouldn't have it buried? So I re-wrote it and condensed it and tweaked it and expanded it and made it just right (when I say tweaked I don't mean I lied about anything, I just made it flow better.) And that got the ball rolling in a wild and wooly direction, I started sharing it, and then all these things started happening, it was amazing, and long story short it all snowballed out of control until I landed here, in this very spot, with a laptop and no job, typing, telling you, whoever takes the time to read, what happened to me.

<http://amysanonymusblog.blogspot.com/>

I sort of had to lean on a lot of people during the past year, but mainly God. When I was still on the seizure meds, about a month after it all happened (mental blowout), I had a brief vision of being held up by an angel, I was completely limp, and the angel stood right behind me with his/her arms wrapped around me, holding me in an upright position, and I was reminded of God's promise to me: "I will lift you up, I will lift you up.." Which turned out to be something completely different than what I thought He meant by that. As it turns out, all this time I've been writing, this past year, and I thought I was just getting it all out, not realizing what I was doing... but it's all come together, and it looks like I've accidentally started something. SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DIG UP THINGS THAT WERE BURIED???? Oh and I forgot to say, it was funny how I got the box open, I used a screwdriver and a rock. I'm sort of manly like that.

Lean on me, when you're not strong  
And I'll be your friend  
I'll help you carry on  
For it won't be long  
'Til I'm gonna need  
Somebody to lean on...

Just to come clean on my ultimate mission, so I don't feel so shady, I do aim to win souls for His Kingdom, and I'll never stop. I was shown in a vision in '05 a glass container, and beautiful gold round things were dropping in, one by one, and God said that they were markers for the souls that are being won ... yeah people, He's keeping track! Everything we do for him! So keep going already! EVERYTHING MATTERS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

But then again there's days when I wish something would just come along and wipe me out and take me on home. And that's all I know for now.

POSTED BY AMY AT 7:28 PM

what?

just cause I have a new page doesn't mean there's going to be anything on it yet.

update: that's all I'm putting on this one, I like the feel of it & if I put anything else on here it'll ruin the whole feel, the ambiance, the groove to it. So I'll go here next.

<https://ijustcantgetenoughofthis.blogspot.com/>

It might be boring, however, seeing as how I'm running out of experiences to tell 50 times over.

And I'm not going to make anything up, nor am I going to blog about pointless things, so that pretty much leaves me hanging, waiting for some fresh, new material, like a trapeze artist with no rope to grasp, just swinging, to and fro, and maybe even without a net.

# Bible Study With Cowboy Harry

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 2008

Daniel 2:19-23

Then the mystery was revealed to Daniel in a night vision.  
Then Daniel blessed the God of heaven; Daniel answered and said,

"Let the name of God be blessed forever and ever,

For wisdom and power belong to Him.

"And it is He who changes the times and the epochs;

He removes kings and establishes kings;

He gives wisdom to wise men,

And knowledge to men of understanding.

"It is He who reveals the profound and hidden things;

He knows what is in the darkness.

And the light dwells with Him.

"To Thee, O God of my fathers, I give thanks and praise,

For Thou hast given me wisdom and power;

Even now Thou hast made known to me what we requested of Thee,

For Thou hast made known to us the king's matter."

.....

You ever taken a good gander at the Book of Daniel? Ya know that part 'bout the big ol statue with the body parts all composed of various metals and substances and such? Whattya think 'bout that? To tell the truth I am plum confounded. Blows my everlovin mind, it sure in tarnation does. Worse than consumin a bag of shrooms while caught on a hijacked ferryboat. Boy I tell you what.

POSTED BY COWBOY HARRY AT 5:55 PM

Hebrews 11:1

Now faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen.

.....

I got faith. In fact I'm filled to the brim with it, all boilin' over like a kettle unattended. I know without a doubt in my head that I am gonna catch me a whopper of a fish for breakfast in the mornin. I got a collection goin' of fish bones too. Makin windchimes out of 'em. Gonna sell 'em outright to the natives here. Yessiree I am a resourceful man. Filled with idears and plans galore.

POSTED BY COWBOY HARRY AT 3:52 PM

Psalms 111:10

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;  
A good understanding have all those who do His commandments;  
His praise endures forever.

.....

You ever had pinworms? Talk about fear. I got the little varmints a few years back and I tell you what, just as sure as the day is long, that'll keep ya on yer knees prayin' for deliverance. They was everywhere. In my chaps. On my saddle. In my horse's ears even. I finally got rid of 'em with some turpentine and a match. Had to quit ridin' for a good while on account of this.

POSTED BY COWBOY HARRY AT 3:31 PM

Matthew 5:43-45

"You have heard that it was said, 'YOU SHALL LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR, and hate your enemy.'  
"But I say to you, love your enemies, and pray for those who persecute you in order that you may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for He causes His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous..."

.....

This may be a bit off the subject but I reckon it rained last night round these parts, and it was beautiful, what with all the pitter-patters among the treetops and such. Rainwater's all we drink here on the island so when it falls it's a precious thing. Precious like a newborn calf, all covered in the morning dew, smellin all fresh and sweet like a eucalyptus twig.

POSTED BY COWBOY HARRY AT 2:43 PM

Genesis 1:14-16

Then God said, "Let there be lights in the expanse of the heavens to separate the day from the night, and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years; and let them be for lights in the expanse of the heavens to give light on earth", and it was so. And God made the two great lights, the greater light to govern the day, and the lesser light to govern the night; He made the stars also.

.....

I don't know bout you, but just thinkin bout them stars up yonder makes my head all twirly-like. Makes me feel all mystical and deep. Like a good aquarium decoration maybe. In fact just last night I got up on top of my treehouse, all stripped down nekkid and what-not, and allowed a little moonlight in my pits. I ain't sure, and there's no way I can back it up proper, but I guarantee there is some kinda scientific benefit to gettin moonlight on yer skin. Or epidermis rather.



<https://lifeinatreewithcowboyharry.blogspot.com>

<https://biblestudywithcowboyharry.blogspot.com>

<https://january2209.blogspot.com>

thursday, january 22, 2009

dream of two negative forms of communication

Two nights ago I had a disturbing dream. I found myself standing inside an apartment, and there were two other people there, a man and a woman. The woman stood yelling at me, emotionally and upset, making no sense to me. The man hid in the bedroom. I did not see him, but I knew he was with the woman. He was avoiding the situation, hiding.

I wanted to be away from these two people. In the dream, I sensed that I had been living with them. They seemed to be "over" me, as in, parental figures, but they were not my parents. I knew I did not want to be around them any more.

I found a key and left, turning to lock the door behind me. The lock on the outside of the door was not a regular lock. It was a padlock. As I turned the key, I sensed that this couple was being locked in this place, unable to escape. I was aware of this, and left anyway.

I chose to have nothing to do with them.

~\*~

These past few days have been very intense for me spiritually. I'm being shown many things, and

being convicted of some things. Communication is what God is coming down pretty hard on me over right now. He has shown me that these two people in the dream represent two negative forms of communication that I am familiar with, being ways that I personally have coped with situations, and also people that I know. The woman represented emotional outbursts, the man represented passivity and avoidance. Neither one is effective.

I have been praying for God to show me a better way. I "know" the better way- I read it in the Bible, I hear it spoken of- but I have never been able to achieve it on a consistent basis. He's showing me exactly what it means to communicate properly.

It's a good feeling to humble yourself before the Lord. It's a good feeling to unclench your fists and let go, to ask for, and receive instruction.

I lack nothing because I have Jesus Christ. He meets my every need. Last night as I cried, leaning against the wall in prayer, I asked Him to hug me.

I have been single for years, hugs are becoming a foreign concept to me. I am chaste, in every sense of the word. I have only a small handful of friends that I can confide in, and even among them, I am reserved, guarding my heart with the utmost care. I save my tears for Jesus.

What are you struggling with?

Do you know that He can meet your every need?

Posted by Amy Lohrman  
at 10:46 AM

pressure brings change.

I had a brief dream the other night. I was in a car, at a red light. I was waiting for the light to turn green, and I noticed that I wasn't all the way pulled up to the light, there was a good distance between me and the light, like maybe another full car length.

In the dream, I did the obvious- pulled up all the way, and then the light instantly turned green.

The lights are weighted, the pressure from the cars signal change.

I woke up and thought, "Pressure Brings Change."

This was a comfort to me, as I am facing plenty of pressure in my life currently. But I'm reminded that stress, discomfort, and pressure are elements that bring about change in our lives.

I have learned to work with it, not against it.

Posted by Amy Lohrman  
at 10:40 AM

communication

This is what I'm studying right now. Thought I'd share these verses here.

Wholesome communication, consistently at least, is something I struggle with, having come from a home where tempers flare with no warning, and being on the defense was the only way to mentally, and emotionally, survive.

Add to this my calling, my service to God, which requires graceful communication. I have no problem whatsoever reporting anything He shows me. The problem arises when my emotions get involved, which is often.

Add to this the heat I receive in return.

From a selfish human standpoint, I have every right to reply in sarcasm, with just a twinge of hatred, reflecting the tone that was shown to me.

From a Christian standpoint, I have no right. Turning the other cheek is my current struggle, but as with all other obstacles I have encountered on this path I walk, I will overcome this as well.

It's my God I seek to serve and please, not humans.

I'm sharing these verses here. I love to share whatever I've learned in the past or am learning right now.

I printed out these verses. It's 29 pages. I'm going to memorize them.

You thought I was a badbutt\* before. Just wait until you see me, once I learn proper communication.

~Amy

\*no more bad words. I think ass falls into that category.

- Do not be quick with your mouth, do not be hasty in your heart to utter anything before God. God is in heaven and you are on earth, so let your words be few (Ecclesiastes 5:2).
- If anyone considers himself religious and yet does not keep a tight rein on his tongue, he deceives himself and his religion is worthless (James 1:26).
- The tongue of the wise commends knowledge, but the mouth of the fool gushes folly (Proverbs 15:2).
- The heart of the righteous weighs its answers, but the mouth of the wicked gushes evil (Proverbs 13:28).
- But I tell you that men will have to give account on the day of judgment for every careless word they have spoken. For by your words you will be acquitted, and by your words you will be condemned (Matthew 12:37).
- A wise man's heart guides his mouth, and his lips promote instruction (Proverbs 16:23).
- The lips of the righteous know what is fitting, but the mouth of the wicked only what is perverse (Proverbs 10:29).
- A gentle answer turns away wrath, but a harsh word stirs up anger (Proverbs 15:1).
- Reckless words pierce like a sword, but the tongue of the wise brings healing (Proverbs 12:18).
- A wise man fears the Lord and shuns evil, but a fool is hotheaded and reckless. A quick-

tempered man does foolish things, and a crafty man is hated (Proverbs 14:16-17).

- A patient man has great understanding, but a quick-tempered man displays folly (Proverbs 14:29).
- An angry man stirs up dissension, and a hot-tempered one commits many sins (Proverbs 29:22).
- Do not associate with a man given to anger; or go with a hot-tempered man, lest you learn his ways, and find a snare for yourself (Proverbs 22:24-25).
- A man of knowledge uses words with restraint, and a man of understanding is even-tempered (Proverbs 17:27).
- Do you see a man who speaks in haste? There is more hope for a fool than for him (Proverbs 29:20).
- Do not answer a fool according to his folly, or you will be like him yourself. Answer a fool according to his folly, or he will be wise in his own eyes (Proverbs 26:4-5).
- A fool gives full vent to his anger, but a wise man keeps himself under control (Proverbs 29:11).
- A fool's mouth is his undoing, and his lips are a snare to his soul (Proverbs 18:7).
- A fool finds no pleasure in understanding but delights in airing his own opinions (Proverbs 18:2).
- Even a fool is thought wise if he keeps silent, and discerning if he holds his tongue (Proverbs 17:28).
- The quiet words of the wise are more to be heeded than the shouts of a ruler of fools (Ecclesiastes 9:17).
- Instead, speaking the truth in love, we will in all things grow up into him who is that Head, that is, Christ (Ephesians 4:15).
- The wise in heart accept commands, but a chattering fool comes to ruin (Proverbs 10:8).
- Avoid godless chatter, because those who indulge in it will become more and more ungodly (2 Timothy 2:16).
- When words are many, sin is not absent, but he who holds his tongue is wise (Proverbs 10:19).
- A prudent man keeps his knowledge to himself, but the heart of fools blurts out folly (Proverbs

12:23).

- Do not let any unwholesome talk come out of your mouths, but only what is helpful for building others up according to their needs, that it may benefit those who listen (Ephesians 4:29).
- Pleasant words are a honey comb, sweet to the soul and healing to the bones (Proverbs 16:24).
- A word aptly spoken is like apples of gold in settings of silver (Proverbs 25:11).
- The tongue of the righteous is choice silver, but the heart of the wicked is of little value (Proverbs 10:20.)
- The tongue of the righteous nourish many, but fools die for lack of judgment (Proverbs 10:21).
- The tongue that brings healing is a tree of life, but a deceitful tongue crushes the spirit (Proverbs 15:4).
- The mouth of the righteous is a fountain of life, but violence overwhelms the mouth of the wicked (Proverbs 10:11).
- The words of the wicked lie in wait for blood, but the speech of the upright rescues them (Proverbs 12:6).
- The lips of the wise spread knowledge; not so the hearts of fools (Proverbs 15:7).
- The lips of the righteous know what is fitting, but the mouth of the wicked only what is perverse (Proverbs 10:32).
- Better a poor man whose walk is blameless than a fool whose lips are perverse (Proverbs 19:1).
- Put away perversity from your mouth keep corrupt talk far from your lips (Proverbs 4:24).
- He who guards his lips guards his life, but he who speaks rashly will come to ruin (Proverbs 13:3).
- He who guards his mouth and his tongue keeps himself from calamity (Proverbs 21:23).
- Rid yourselves of all malice and deceit, hypocrisy, envy, and slander of every kind (1 Peter 2:1).
- A man of perverse heart does not prosper; he whose tongue is deceitful falls into trouble (Proverbs 17:20).
- Truthful lips endure forever, but a lying tongue lasts only a moment (Proverbs 12:19).



- The Lord detests lying lips, but He delights in men who are truthful (Proverbs 12:22).
- My mouth speaks what is true, for my lips detest wickedness. All of the words of my mouth are just; none of them is crooked or perverse (Proverbs 8:7-8).
- An honest answer is like a kiss on the lips (Proverbs 24:26).
- The righteous hate what is false, but the wicked bring shame and disgrace (Proverbs 13:5).
- Above all, do not swear—not by heaven or by earth or by anything else. Let your “Yes” be yes, and your “No,” no, or you will be condemned (James 5:12).
- He who conceals his sins does not prosper, but whoever confesses and renounces them finds mercy (Proverbs 28:13).
- The tongue has the power of life and death, and those who love it will eat its fruit (Proverbs 18:21).
- A fool gives full vent to his anger, but a wise man keeps himself under control (Proverbs 29:11).
- Words from a wise man’s mouth are gracious, but a fool is consumed by his own lips. At the beginning his words are folly; at the end they are wicked madness—and the fool multiplies words. (Ecclesiastes 10:12-13).
- Better a patient man than a warrior, a man who controls his temper than one who takes a city (Proverbs 16:32).
- A man’s wisdom gives him patience; it is to his glory to overlook an offense (Proverbs 19:11).
- Better a dry crust with peace and quiet than a house full of feasting, with strife (Proverbs 17:1).
- Love is not rude, it is not self-seeking; it is not easily angered; it keeps no record of wrongs (1 Corinthians 13:5).
- Do you see a man wise in his own eyes? There is more hope for a fool than for him. (Proverbs 26:12).
- When pride comes, then disgrace, but with humility comes wisdom. (Proverbs 11:2).
- Before his downfall a man’s heart is proud, but humility comes before honor. (Proverbs 18:2).
- Pride goes before destruction, a haughty spirit before a fall (Proverbs 16:18).

- Pride only breeds quarrels, but wisdom is found in those who take advice (Proverbs 13:10).
- If you have played the fool and exalted yourself, or if you have planned evil, clap your hand over your mouth! For as churning the milk produces butter, and as twisting the nose produces blood, so stirring up anger produces strife (Proverbs 30:32-33).
- What causes fights and quarrels among you? Don't they come from your desires that battle within you? You want something but don't get it. You kill and covet, but you cannot have what you want. You quarrel and fight (James 4:1-2a).
- Starting a quarrel is like breaching a dam; so drop the matter before a dispute breaks out (Proverbs 17:14).
- It is to a man's honor to avoid strife, but every fool is quick to quarrel (Proverbs 20:3).
- He who loves a quarrel loves sin; he who builds a high gate invites destruction (Proverbs 17:19).
- If you keep on biting and devouring each other, watch out or you will be destroyed by each other (Galatians 5:15).
- The evil man is trapped by his sinful talk, but a righteous man escapes trouble. From the fruit of his lips a man is filled with good things as surely as the work of his hands rewards him (Proverbs 12:13-14).
- If a man pays back evil for good, evil will never leave his house (Proverbs 17:13).
- The wise woman builds her house, but with her own hands the foolish one tears hers down (Proverbs 14:1).
- A foolish son is his father's ruin, and a quarrelsome wife is like a constant dripping (Proverbs 19:13).
- A quarrelsome wife is like a constant dripping on a rainy day; restraining her is like restraining the wind or grasping oil with the hand (Proverbs 27:15-16).
- Better to live in a desert than with a quarrelsome and ill-tempered wife (Proverbs 21:19).
- Better to live on a corner of the roof than share a house with a quarrelsome wife (Proverbs 25:24).

- Wives, be submissive to your husbands so that, if any of them do not believe the word, they may be won over without words by the behavior of their wives, when they see the purity and reverence of your lives. Your beauty should not come from outward adornment, such as braided hair and wearing of gold jewelry and fine clothes. Instead, it should be that of your inner self, the unfading beauty of a gentle and quiet spirit, which is of great worth in God's sight (1 Peter 3:1-4).
- Husbands, in the same way be considerate as you live with your wives, and treat them with respect as the weaker partner and as heirs with you of the gracious gift of life, so that nothing will hinder your prayers (1 Peter 3:7).
- Finally, all of you, live in harmony with one another; be sympathetic, love as brothers, be compassionate and humble. Do not repay evil with evil or insult with insult, but with blessing, because to this you were called so that you may inherit a blessing (1 Peter 3:8-9).
- Each of you must put off falsehood and speak truthfully to his neighbor [spouse], for we are all members of one body. In your anger do not sin: Do not let the sun go down while you are still angry, and do not give the devil a foothold (Ephesians 4:25-27).
- In your anger do not sin. Do not let the sun go down while you are still angry. Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice... Therefore, rid yourselves of all malice and all deceit, hypocrisy, envy, and slander of every kind (1 Peter 2:11).
- If you have been trapped by what you said, ensnared by the words of your mouth, then do this, my son, to free yourself, since you have fallen into your neighbor's [spouse's] hands: Go humble yourself; press your plea with your neighbor [spouse]! Allow no sleep to your eyes, no slumber to your eyelids. (Proverbs 6:2-5).
- Remind the people... to slander no one, to be peaceable and considerate, and to show true humility toward all men (Titus 3:2).
- Do everything without complaining or arguing, so that you may become blameless and pure, children of God without fault in a crooked and depraved generation, in which you shine like stars in the universe (Philippians 2:14-15).

- Make every effort to live in peace with all men and to be holy; without holiness no one will see the Lord. See to it that no one misses the grace of God and that no bitter root grows up to cause trouble and defile many (Hebrews 12:14-15).
- Let us therefore make every effort to do what leads to peace and to mutual edification (Romans 14:19).
- When we are cursed, we bless; when we are persecuted, we endure it; when we are slandered, we answer kindly (1 Corinthians 4:12-13a).
- Don't have anything to do with foolish and stupid arguments, because you know they produce quarrels. And the Lord's servant must not quarrel; instead, he must be kind to everyone, able to teach, not resentful. Those who oppose him he must gently instruct, in the hope that God will grant them repentance leading them to a knowledge of the truth, and that they will come to their senses and escape from the trap of the devil, who has taken them captive to do his will (2 Timothy 2:23-26).
- And do not grieve the Holy Spirit of God, with whom you were sealed for the day of redemption. Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice. Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in Christ God forgave you (Ephesians 4:30-32).
- Encourage one another and build each other up, just as in fact you are doing (1 Thessalonians 5:11).
- Let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds. Let us not give up on meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but let us encourage one another—and all the more as you see the Day approaching (Hebrews 10:24-25).
- Love must be sincere. Hate what is evil; cling to what is good. Be devoted to one another in brotherly love. Honor one another above yourselves (Romans 12:9-10).
- Be imitators of God, therefore, as dearly loved children and live a life of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God (Ephesians 5:1-2).

- I urge you to live a life worthy of the calling you have received. Be completely humble and gentle; be patient, bearing with one another in love. Make every effort to keep the unity of the Spirit through the bond of peace (Ephesians 4:1-3).
- If it is possible, as far as it depends on you, live at peace with everyone (Romans 12:18).
- The wisdom that comes from heaven is first of all pure; then peace-loving, considerate, submissive, full of mercy and good fruit, impartial and sincere. Peacemakers who sow in peace raise a harvest of righteousness (James 3:17-18).
- Whatever happens, conduct yourselves in a manner worthy of the gospel of Christ (Philippians 1:27a.).
- Aim for perfection, listen to my appeal, be of one mind, live in peace. And the God of love and peace will be with you. Greet one another with a holy kiss (2 Corinthians 13:11-12a).
- Let your gentleness be evident to all. The Lord is near (Philippians 4:5).
- Whatever you do, whether in word or deed, do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God the Father through Him (Colossians 3:17).
- We demolish arguments and every pretension that sets itself up against the knowledge of God, and we take captive every thought to make it obedient to Christ (2 Corinthians 10:5).
- Like an earring of gold or an ornament of fine gold is a wise man's rebuke to a listening ear (Proverbs 25:12).
- Let the wise listen and add to their learning, and let the discerning get guidance (Proverbs 1:5).
- The way of a fool seems right to him, but a wise man listens to advice (Proverbs 12:15).
- The discerning heart seeks knowledge, but the mouth of a fool feeds on folly (Proverbs 15:14).
- He who listens to a life-giving rebuke will be at home among the wise. (Proverbs 15:31).
- He who answers before listening—that is his folly and his shame (Proverbs 18:13).
- The heart of the discerning acquires knowledge; the ears of the wise seek it out (Proverbs 18:15).
- Listen to advice and accept instruction, and in the end you will be wise (Proverbs 19:20).

- Apply your heart to instruction and your ears to words of knowledge (Proverbs 23:12).
- Everyone should be quick to listen, slow to speak and slow to become angry for man's anger does not bring about the righteous life that God desires. Therefore, get rid of all moral filth and the evil that is so prevalent and humbly accept the word planted in you, which can save you. Do not merely listen to the word and so deceive yourselves. Do what it says.

Anyone who listens to the word but does not do what it says is like a man who looks at his face in a mirror and after looking at himself, goes away and immediately forgets what he looks like. But the man who looks intently into the perfect law that gives freedom, and continues to do this, not forgetting what he has heard, but doing it—he will be blessed in what he does. If anyone considers himself religious and yet does not keep a tight rein on his tongue, he deceives himself and his religion is worthless. (James 1:19-26).

Posted by Amy Lohrman  
at 10:08 AM

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 2009

freedom is never free.

I saw that somewhere when I was a teenager, in a book maybe, and I tore it out, "laminated" it in scotch tape, and affixed it to the inside cover of my jewelry box. Freedom is Never Free. I was fascinated with the phrase. Freedom. What was it? Why do wars break out over it? Why is it what's taken away from a prisoner, as punishment? What is this concept that is so important to us? I knew, even as a teen, it somehow went much deeper than physical freedom, like the right to vote, freedom of speech, etc etc. So when I saw that, according to this quote, that it was never free... I began to wonder, so then, at what cost? And where do you go to buy it?

"There are so many to set free" is what I heard in my spirit in '05, as God showed me a vision of rows and rows of people behind bars, arms outstretched, hands waving, begging to be released. I had been praying for the people in my neighborhood at the time. From all outward appearances these people were not imprisoned in any way, no, they were the most relaxed folks I'd ever seen, without a care in the world it seemed, spending time on their front porches of their dilapidated homes. The kids romped in the street and played. The women had huge potbellies that rivaled the men. The men sat and drank beer and watched life go by, from the vantage point of the porch. I loved it there.

Why did God show me that these people were imprisoned? From all outward appearances, they were free as could be. Chew on that for a minute why don'tcha.

When all this started, God said, "Tell them who you are", and I just went blank. I had no idea.

All of this expression has helped me to answer my own question as to who I am. This strange journey began with a dream in the fall of '06, while the seizures were going on, but I was too afraid to tell anyone. I dreamed of walking alone on a road, and the wind started to blow. It blew with such force that I could no longer move forward, and I was blown to the side of the road. I even saw a car blown off to the side as well, showing me how strong the wind was. As I stood on the side of the road, I was given an electronic device, it looked like a waffle iron, but it was something to communicate with. I held it in my right hand and was told that with this device, I would tell others "where I've been, and where I'm going." I carried this thing and began walking on the side of the road, and a path opened up through the tall grass. I saw that the path before me ran parallel to the big road, yet I was protected on each side with tall grass, almost like a cornfield. It was a safer path to walk.

The electronic communication device, of course, turned out to be this laptop that my mother insisted I bond with during the past two years, while I recovered. The fact that it appeared to be a waffle iron goes along with something God told me, that this time would "iron out my waffling." Indecision, changing my mind, being unsure of so many things. I can say that now, my waffling is all ironed out. I know who I am, and I know what I want, and what I don't want. I am unafraid to speak out.

Physically, I'm so proud of my healing that I could burst. I laugh at what happened and I laugh at what God has done with me during this time. It's surreal. Only me. Only in my life would this happen. I'm not even 40 yet. What next?

Mentally, I need help. Currently, Acetyl L-Carnitine is my best friend, twice a day, and good old tea, all the time. And lots of sleep.



I will never play games again or try to fit myself into anyone else's standards. Freedom is the name of the game. We all have the right to be free, not only in your physical world, but in your friendships and relationships as well. To me, freedom is key. In all that I do on this planet from here on out, FREEDOM will be there. Oppression, condemnation, and accusation will not be a part of my life, and people who operate in these things will have nothing to do with me.

~\*~

For years I was always on the verge of an emotional breakdown, barely able to contain all that was inside of me, good and bad. The pain, the grief, the overwhelming pain of the loss of my brother. The loss of my role as a mother, or so I perceived it, when my daughter would live with her dad. The frustrations of being used, again and again, in search of finding love. The frightening dreams and visions that began to flood my mind as God began to reveal Himself to me, and then watching them come to pass, one by one, scaring the living daylights out of me, and sometimes out of the folks they had to do with, and the suspicious looks that followed. The uphill battle that has been the norm for me as a single woman, on my own since 1997, refusing any form of help from anyone, including my family, until I was forced to rest, after getting the brain infection. For years I have been a walking time bomb. No more.

I plumb exploded.

I am enjoying my life once more. I go to work and have a clear mind, for the first time ever. I no longer feel the need to talk about personal matters with people. I feel more capable of helping others, rather than needing help. I enjoy listening more than speaking. My nerves are healing, I no longer feel as if I could cry when the wind blows. I am free.

If I could leave you with one thing, I would say, HUMBLE YOURSELF.

That, or toy around with pride a little longer. Who knows, maybe God will grant you a nice long season of cleansing, like He gave me. The only thing is, that soap sort of hurts. You can do it the hard way, like I did. Or you can simply listen to me.

Give yourself to Christ. Turn yourself in. Surrender.

Don't make me get in my

(I still don't have a car so I'll have to get back with you on that one)

TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 2009

[dream of climbing muddy stairs](#)

The other day I dreamed this: I was slowly climbing a steep staircase, it appeared to be outside and it was carved out of stone, it was covered in mud and it was scary. It was steep and scary, and each new step to take was impossible for me, until I actually lifted my right leg to take a step, that's when a big strong arm would come down and grab hold of my hand and pull me up so I could get on the next step. I'd stand there, look at the mud, all blocked and overwhelmed, then attempt to step up and right then the help would come. This happened over and over again. I looked behind me and saw lots of people climbing the same stairs. I noticed each time the hand would lift me up and help me to the next step, I'd come down with such force on the new step that I left heavy indentions in the mud, footprints, and I turned and saw that the people behind me were stepping where I stepped, their climb was made easier because of my footprints in the mud. I made it all the way to the top and realized I had been climbing a mountain, there was no more mud on top, I was dizzy and I said, "that was so hard!" And I saw who had been lifting me, it was Jesus. He laughed at me and said, "I know!" And I understood that He had been with me all along. I woke up and cried and felt reassured that there is purpose to my difficulties, that other people are/will be helped because of it. And that's maybe why I can laugh, because I can't give any advice in any area of life except the spiritual.

Oh and I should say again, the hand didn't come down and lift me up until I'd lift my leg to take the step. Even though I knew I couldn't do it. I still tried.

<https://mummies-to-mommies.blogspot.com>

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 2009

## From Mummies to Mommies

Ok I just have to tell you this. It's funny.

The other day at work this guy was telling me about his friend who keeps having dreams about mommies. I replied that that was cute. He said, that's not cute, it's creepy. I said, how is that creepy? It's sweet! He said that was wrong and I had a problem. We went back and forth like this for several minutes until I said, well I guess it could be creepy, depending on what's happening in the dreams, like, are they coming at him and wanting to change his diaper and stuff like that?

He looked at me in dead silence. Then it hit him. He blurted out in his thick accent: "MUMMIES!! I SAID MUMMIES, NOT MOMMIES!!!"

I was like, ooohhhh!!!!!! and that started me on an uncontrollable laughing spree that lasted for the rest of the day. I was laughing so hard my stomach hurt. He was laughing hard too. But it really got me to thinking.

About a lot of things. About death, and life. About old, and new. Wasn't Lazarus technically a mummy? And don't mommies bring new life?

wait

Well I was thinking about this blog,

<https://tryingtousethehorsesoapeveryday.blogspot.com/>,

the one about the old man standing up for his reseruction. I forgot how to spell that word and at the moment I do not feel like looking it up so whatever. I'm thinking, how beautiful! From a mummy to a mommy! It's symbolic of course, but you know what I mean? Do I really have to describe all my thoughts on it this morning or can you just go ahead and pull it all together in your own head? I'm only on my second cup of tea.

<https://fallen-fruit.blogspot.com>

I Think All My Fruit Has Fallen

SUNDAY, MAY 3, 2009

..

...did I ever mention one of the very first visions I had after the brain infection? Or, rather, while it was going on. Like maybe the first month I was out at my mom's, barely off the depakote, staring into space and wondering what on earth was happening. I saw this~ a beautiful fig tree, laden with HUGE golden ripe fat juicy figs, they were so ripe and ready they were making the branches droop. Then a strong wind came to shake the tree and I knew all the figs were about to be blown right off. The location of the fig tree in the vision was right outside my mom's apartment, in the corner of the building, protected. Only one side was exposed to the strong wind. Well trees don't have sides but you know what I mean. The fig tree was about to be blown but it was safe at the same time. God was showing me what He was about to do with me. Did you like my fruit? Did any of it fall on your head? I hope so.

Here's what I made myself do last night. I wasn't brave enough to stick it on my island but after a few cups of tea this morning I decided to do it. Here's the other needle in my haystack.

<https://about-joe.blogspot.com/>

(the other needle is this one of course)

[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_N0oWN7Mgt0](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_N0oWN7Mgt0)

I'm sort of confused right now.

But at the same time I feel another burden lifted out of me. Why am I rigged to feel better when I purge myself of my bad memories? Isn't that a selfish thing to do? Technically I am dumping my stuff on the world and it's like, ok, you deal with it now.

I know that's not the way it really works but that's what I tell myself.

<https://10242009.blogspot.com>

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 2009**

Recently I heard in my spirit that I would be leaving soon, and what will I tell them? I posted a short blog and said, Lift up thine eyes.

That's the short version of what I want to say.

I am leaving. I knew I would be, but I had no idea where, until lately. I'm going where it's sunny and sandy. To a place where love

awaits me. Where I'll finally rest, yet come alive, all at the same time. To enjoy and give a new life.

To unravel and unplug, to pray.

To be reunited with my God privately, no longer on display, no longer reporting. To feel loving arms around me. To support, and be

supported. To laugh. To learn new things. To love.

My mysteries solved, I don't rejoice. I cry. To let go of my struggle is a loss, because it's all I had. It was life as I've known it. Without

that mountain to conquer, who am I? I have no idea. It's time to find out.

I dreamed last week of walking through a mall, I was carrying something HUGE, but it was light.

Easy to carry, but the problem was

trying to make it through the mall and see where I was going with it. I was trying to find where to lay it down. A boy appeared in

front of me and I followed him through the mall and into a department store, and that's where I laid it down. I still don't know what it

was that I was carrying, I couldn't see the shape of it, it was too big. You don't know why I



expanded and repeated myself so much during this time. I'll tell you. I had to do it now. Repeating myself 10 times on 10 different sites will ensure that in 10 years, at least one will remain. I won't be there to do it myself. It's my offering, my whole life. It doesn't matter to me how much I've been hated or ridiculed. What matters to me is how comforting it will all be to someone, even just one person, on a dismal day. I've exposed myself and it's there, waiting. To bless and encourage and uplift. Thank You God for letting me do it!

Today I woke up from a brief nap in which I had this dream: I was at my old house in DeSoto, we were having a party, lots and lots of people were there. I looked up into the blue sky and saw what appeared to be a cloud, or a smoke trail thing left from a plane, but it was in the shape of a huge electric cord....UNPLUGGED!!! I saw it and laughed! It was happy, and it was for me. A sign! In the blue sky, a sign for me that yes... it's time... I am finally going to be unplugged! No more "electric". It has been so satisfying to do this but I am so drained and so tired.

Freedom.

As I looked up at the sky and laughed, I was filled with joy, and went into the house to show my dad, who came outside and looked up and saw it. I then went back inside and into the garage, where I saw my beloved pooch Jemma! She came running towards me and I embraced her and hugged her and said COME HERE, NEMMERS!!! That's what I called her. Nemmers. I sat on the garage floor where she licked my face and wagged her tail, and I laughed, then laid down on my back and

turned my head to the right. Jemma was licking my face, but then slowed down and began to sniff my left ear. She suddenly became very still and she was smelling inside my ear as if she smelled something. She was telling me something was there. I know my dog, it's what she did when we would take walks. Like all dogs do I suppose. But the thing that made her freeze up and made her tail stop wagging was something she was smelling inside my head.

I woke up just a few hours ago. I cry as I type this. Not out of sadness but out of gratitude to my God, Who always tells me things ahead of time and so very gently. I know what this means. Thank you Jemma. Thank You God. I'm listening to one of my playlists right now, and Grateful Dead's Touch of Grey is playing. A cup of cold tea sits to my left, I never finished it this morning, I fell asleep and dreamed instead. A bag about to be packed for a trip sits on my black futon that my brother in law found in the alley. A book on the wonders of the human brain sits on my military box that I'm using as a coffee table, a coworker loaned it to me. (the book, not the box). My bedroom wall is covered in artwork: beach scenes, flowers, and flowing rivers~ drawn by someone who has restored my hope in living. Until he came along, it mattered not to me whether I live or die anymore. Now I have every good reason to paint my toenails bright red like any foxy lady should and finally find the other half to my hot pink bikini. All I can find is the top.

I think that THIS is what I want to leave you with. This, or the lift-up-thine-eyes thing. You know where I got that? Off a Norman

Rockwell painting. It's of a street scene in New York. It shows busy people who appear to be preoccupied in their mundane life, and there's a church in the background, and the words LIFT UP THINE EYES is written above the doorway, but nobody sees it.

I don't know how long I'll bask in the sun.

A man of God who came to work with me for a short time told me that there will be a book. I told him, well I've been writing for quite some time. But he said, there's more. I told him, maybe it's just what I've already said. He doesn't know, but he said it will be more that I expected. I laughed and told him, well alright, if that's what God says, but I have been instructed to not accept one penny for anything I do or have done in His Name. And in my mind, I'm done.

Maybe the seashells will listen to me and tell my tale one day. Cause I don't know who else will be around to listen. I'm finally making my getaway. You can't come.

Love,A.

<https://twelve14-2009.blogspot.com>

monday, december 14, 2009

Is that really how I want to spend the rest of my days? Behind a cash register?

Last night my daughter asked, what would I want to do if there were no other factors to consider? I went blank. So she asked, what do I enjoy? I told her, I don't know. She then asked, what did I want to do when I was in high school and looking forward to college? I answered that one easily: I wanted to teach English. She asked me what is holding me back from going back to college and finishing up that degree. I told her, although I would love to teach English, the thought of dealing with a classroom full of unruly kids makes my skin crawl. She then informed me that there are other things you can do with a teaching degree. She pointed out that there are people who need help with reading and writing and words, and it doesn't have to be in the normal school setting. The picture formed in my mind of a room full of old people in the rec room of a nursing home, all crumpled up in their wheelchairs, and me happily reading stories to them and playing cards! My daughter gave me that "Oh, Mommy" look, and touched my hand gently, and said, Mommy, that's something you can do, but that's more of a volunteer job. Let's stay focused on what you can do with a degree in English.

I was intrigued. It was past midnight, but that didn't matter. I got up and made some coffee. When I came back to the room, she had found a website that listed all kinds of options. Humanitarian things. Meaningful things. Helpful things. To do with a degree! Go figure!

She read through a list of options and none of them sounded good. That is, until she got to the one about helping adults to read better. Brain injury people. I kid you not.

THERE IS A JOB FOR THAT.

That's it. I'm going back to school.

I'm finishing up what I started back in 1988. I have 2 years of credits already. I haven't been since '90, though. My daughter said that there's a chance some of my credits are too old to transfer. Transfer where? Oh I have so much work to do! There's people out there who got knocked upside the head who need me! I can make learning fun for them! Reading! Writing! Vocabulary! Spelling! THE WORLD IS MY OYSTER!!!!!!

...

The only problem is, it's going to take me forever. For starters, I still need to find employment. My standards are falling fast. I almost applied at a 24 hour drugstore just now. I almost hit "send". But I stopped myself. One of their requirements is that you are available ALL THE TIME. Are you kidding me? When will I sleep? They'll have me scheduled in the middle of the night selling cigarettes to sleepless nightowls who'll sit in their car and watch me. Oh yes they will. And I'll end up either missing, or start dating them. Either way, working at a 24-hour place will almost automatically result in some form of doom for me.

So just now I made a fresh pot of coffee and I'm typing up this quick post before I go back out and find a nearby place that will sustain me, safely, while I go ahead and get an education so I can

inspire people who think there's no hope for them anymore because the light went off inside their head. You know, I don't know where the switch is, but I do know we all have one. Sometimes it can be turned on by your own hand, and sometimes it comes on gradually on it's own. But more often than not, you need a helping hand. I think I can be that for someone.

...

So it appears that I'm back to these random scrapbook entries that mean nothing to anyone except myself. Like I said, I'm a free woman. It feels good. I can't wait to get that camera. There's going to be... a SHOW.

Stock up on popcorn and get ready. I can't say when, because I'm still broke, and even if I could afford a camera right now my conscience would not allow me to play until I have a job again.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 2009

How do regular bloggers come up with relevant titles for their posts all the time? I mean, how many titles can one come up with in a lifetime? And usernames? I've given up with all that. I have enough identity issues in real life, don't make me come up with even more virtual labels.

I'm completely out of whack again. I think I know what brought it on this time, and believe me, for once in my life I'm not going to put it into a blog, no matter how vague I try to be or how savvy with double-talk. You know. Trying to convey messages without getting busted. If you have spent a good amount of time blogging then you most likely developed that skill. It's what people do who have pretty much lost touch with normal ways of staying in touch. Or is it just me?

So it's back to the clinic in a couple weeks. Time for the inspection and tune-up. I am sporting a whole new set of things to whine about this time. Plus, all the old ones as well, but magnified. The small numb spot that's been hanging out on my right arm? It's spread. All along the outside. I know arms don't have outsides, but you know- the outer part of it. The inner side is normal. It's totally numb. It used to be the size of a quarter. Just one spot, right in the middle. What's weird? On the left arm, it's numb in that same spot! In the exact location! But on that arm, it's still a small area.

I'm having stabbing pains in the top of my head at night. Also, twitching all over in random places all over my body. Muscle spasms. All over. All the time. When I'm lying still.

Also, each night I am serenaded to sleep to the sound of ringing in my ears. I've gotten so used to

it I hardly notice it any more. Today, I feel as if I am 1,000 pounds. My body feels so heavy. I cry when I start talking. My head hurts.

Everything is magnified. I never felt this bad except when it all first started. I surrender, I'm going back and I'm going to cooperate and get scanned twice a year like he said. When the neuro said that to me last spring, I pretty much told him off and went back to work. Why can't I do both? Why is my mind so black and white? So divided? Healthy/Sick? Why can't I take care of myself medically AND be proactive and have a normal life? At the same time? I think I'm afraid nobody will hire me if they knew what I experience sometimes. Because I can't work like that. But it goes away!!!!!! And there I am, unemployed, and feeling fine. I'm on a merry go round.

All I can think to do is for now, try to work from home if I can. And try to learn a new job that doesn't wear me out. But the problem is my ability to retain new information. I can't remember numbers or new procedure. It doesn't stick. I've gotten by so far by hiding it. That's why I don't do anything new. I go back to the job I know how to do, it hardly pays, but it doesn't require remembering that much.

I plan on finishing my degree but it's going to take a long time. I want to try taking a few internet courses first and see how that goes. I have plans. Goals. Creative ones, too. This thing comes and whacks me right when I'm at a peak. Or is it a low? I don't know how to view anything anymore. I've lost faith completely in my judgement and decisions. I just made a terrible one. And now I have to mend that as well. "Mend" in the way of undoing something that shouldn't have been done AT ALL. God have mercy.

I look at my life and I know that I know. God is the only thing I do right. I can pray, and He hears, I can rest, and I'm in His hands. I can think with the brain He gave me. I can type. But NONE OF IT



MAKES ANY SENSE. What's happening to my brain? I keep having dreams of wheelchairs. I'm scared. Someone said that I just tried to run again and this isn't something I can escape. I didn't realize I was escaping. But even if I was, what's so wrong about that? Don't all prisoners try to escape? My body is like a prison to me. I don't want to see it that way. I'm trying to see things differently. I'm really trying to learn to do this better. I never asked for this. And I haven't laid down and given up. I keep trying and I do overcome and I do carry on. But I must be going in circles because I keep ending up in the same spot.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 2010

what I regret

About how I've spent my time since I came out here to my mom's. The only thing I would go back and change if I could would be the angry venting out loud, mixed with the things I was trying to say in my service to God. It's an odd mixture, when I stand and look at all of it as a whole.

At least I've been honest and raw. I never knew where exactly I was going with all of this. I knew I had things to put out there that God showed me. I knew I had anger, but I had no intentions of airing it in my blogging. Speaking of. A dream recently, showing me one of the ways I was held back, hindered. I saw myself in a car, in the passenger seat, laying down, my head resting on the driver's lap. In the dream, I was asleep, and I woke up from the sleep (in the dream), and realized I had my head on someone's lap, and at the same time, I realized I was being held down. The person had one arm gently over me, protective, loving, caressing me, and it was sincere. But when I tried to get up, I noticed I was being held down by the person's other hand. That's when I realized I was being held against my will, and I had been asleep. I felt an evil presence, and opened my mouth to scream, and when I did, a hidden microphone appeared in front of my mouth, placed there by this person, to capture the ill sounds and negative emissions that were coming from me. I saw the microphone and silenced my own scream. Then I woke up. This dream troubled me, because I had it right after praying for understanding about something. The person who held me down was truly divided. The one hand loved me, the other hand hated me and was against me. The microphone was there to record it all, things that were not intended to come out of me during this special time

of my life of sharing. Finally sharing. Finally saying it all, sharing it all, learning to let go, learning to feel, feeling warm once more, loving myself and the world around me. That's what this has been all about.

To sum up my point, I apologize to anyone who's had to read or listen to my venom. I don't want to be one to add anything negative to an already negative world. It was never meant to be a part of the mix.

One other thing I regret during this time is time I've wasted. I finished what I set out to do, and just exactly in time, right on time. I don't know how I did it, but it all worked out. However I regret not spending more time on more important topics. And I should have done more Bible recordings. And recorded more prayers. The solid and worthy things that are inside of me, that are unpopular and odd. I should have done more of that sort of thing. Lots more. Instead, I wasted plenty of time, especially in the beginning, chasing after distraction after distraction, following ploys and schemes, getting lost in virtual mazes that had no point and no end. I allowed myself to be derailed, when I had a task to complete.

A vision I had in '05: I saw a demon, but it was wearing a flower costume. Ridiculous, I know. I was shocked to see it. It was hopping around in the yard out front (at the little white house in Red Oak), beckoning me to "plant here! and here!" It was trying to distract me from what I was working on in the back yard at the time- an herb garden. Something substantial and worthy. I didn't understand the vision at the time, but now I do. It was showing me how easily sidetracked I am, how easy I get off course, how I have trouble completing the task at hand. A demon dressed as a flower. A silly, fluffy yellow flower, with a demon face.

I would have to say, that same problem is what held me back during this time. It's been hard to

stay focused on what I set out to do. And this is the very thing I begged God to give me. Time. Time to do it, to say it, to figure out what "it" even was. I hope that when all is said and done, and I face my Maker, that I am told that I did it well.

People holding me down, people distracting me intentionally. People following me, yet never supporting me. The stones that have been thrown at me. The stones that have come from those I once trusted. The people who have tried to deceive me, doubt me, ridicule me. All of these things I should have endured with a smile. What else did I expect? Instead, I gave in. I internalized the ick, and spewed it back out, for all to hear. For that I apologize.

I move away from this time with a clean heart. I harbor no ill feelings or unforgiveness toward anyone. I do feel the hurt when I allow myself to think on it, but that's pointless. I celebrate the fact that I accomplished the most important work of my life. To you, it might not be much. You just may see me as another random blogger. But to me, I know, I have climbed an impossible mountain. I have won an invisible race.

I'm hurting inside, knowing that physically I'm going downhill. Chances are very good that walking may be a problem in the near future. I'm 40 now. I'm no longer a beautiful woman in the ways I once claimed. But I now have a new beauty, something I never had before. A soft heart, and the ability to feel my feelings. A gentleness that I've never known. I feel pure inside, for the first time in my life. I'm broken. Tears stream down my cheeks daily. But I laugh just as much.

Yesterday I heard in my spirit, "radar refresh!" I was like, what? And then I understood, it's time to clear my "radar". I wonder if it's just for my own peace of mind, or if it needs to be cleared so more can come. Yikes. I don't know. God knows I'm weary. I feel like I just need to be on the receiving end of things now. Like, just listen. And be. It's hard work for me, to rest. But I have to learn how,

before I get to heaven. I don't want my wheels to still be spinning when I'm there. I can see it now. I get there, and God has new things for me to learn and do, but I'm up there looking for an internet connection so I can create and post more things. It's over. It has to be!

I've had more car dreams. Last month, my "car" was a gold Chevelle, or Nova. It was nice, but some lady came over to me and told me it was time to park it in the shade, to take care of it. I woke up from that one and understood. Then, a few days ago, there was no car at all! I was simply moving forward, with one wheel. It was the right front tire. I was sitting down, and rolling the tire, and that made me go. Not unlike a wheelchair. (shuddering)

I had a bowl of marshmallows for dinner. I did. I can't tell you why. I have no idea. It's simply what I wanted.

I'm going to sleep now. I probably won't have anything remotely interesting to say for a while.

~

I had bloodwork done today. Spent Wednesday in the ER with a swollen head again, they did a CT scan and said my brain was not going to burst, as I had informed them. They drugged me with pain medication and called in one of the neuros. Not my neuro, who I see in 2 weeks. But another one. Who told me, the brain infection I had usually results in a "stripping of the neurons" throughout your nervous system, over time. That sounds about right. I feel like my nerves are disintegrating but the rest of me is normal. A real tug of war. It would be easier if the rest of me fell apart too. Today when I stood at the sink to take some headache pills, my legs started shaking and my back got stiff. I shake and cry when that kind of thing happens. It scares me every time. I'm still

not used to it. I'm walking like a drunk. I'm stuttering sometimes. Today, I started to put on my bra, OVER my shirt! Sorry! But you should be comfortable with me by now. If you're not, you need to go back to the very beginning and start over. I don't have time for this.

That's all I have to complain about. On to other, more important, news. I've been glued to the news round the clock lately. I can only take in one or two stories at a time on Haiti, they make me cry, and the more I cry the more pressure in my head, which means another headache. Oh! I forgot to say, they tried to slap another spinal tap on me in the ER, and I started crying, and told them no, I'm still numb from the first one. I fear that so much. There was a woman being treated in a room down the hall, she was wailing and hollering, screaming, "HELP ME! HELP ME! IT HURTS!" over and over again, crying. I closed my eyes and imagined what they might be doing to her. Probably a spinal tap. Another man was in for some kind of treatment, I heard the nurse say to him, "now bear down like you're having a bowel movement!" I was embarrassed for him. Everyone could hear. Then she said it again. And again. Apparently he wasn't cooperating. I heard her say, it was going into his neck. I have no idea what she was trying to do, but it must have been bad, because after a few minutes of her coaxing him, (I couldn't see them), she said, "call security, deal with him, he's refusing treatment." I suppose they were going to escort him out? Surely they weren't calling a cop to hold him down! Who knows. That place gives me the shivers. I kept my head in my hands and my eyes closed most of the time.

Monday, May 23, 2011

Just a quick update. I won't be doing any more "shows" for a while, but I'm chock full of ideas, believe you me. In fact sometimes I can't sleep due to the incessant stream of ideas for videos that keep coming into my head. Some are funny but some are seriously way too deep. I really don't want to scare anybody so sometimes it's good to just step away. On a personal note, for those poor friends of mine who like my blogs, I'm doing fine, just have alot going on, things I have to take care of. I hope you are doing fine too. I hope all is well in your world. Oh heck who are we kidding. Life is hard and messy. I hope, at the very least, you survive. Let's be real. I don't hope you "have a good day". I hope you have a sane day, in which you are able to rise out of bed, put one foot in front of the other, take good care of yourself and not hurt anyone around you in any way shape or form. Can you do that?

Can I?

Will we survive?

Oh and just in case I can't get back on here for longer than just a little while--- and I say this to the new people--- Butterfly House isn't just a location. It's a portal. I offer you several month's worth, nay, years-- of free entertainment, if you'll have it. Each blog (for the most part) links to others, if you know where to look. And it all came from my head. It's frightening. Step away now while there's still time.

Love, A.

<https://m-ay2011.blogspot.com>



# What's helped me in my Christian walk

1.26.2020

(choices I've made, resources)

(not circumstances or things that have happened outside of my control, there's too many of those to name)

(these are the things I personally have done that have helped me learn and grown in Jesus.)

● opened up the Bible, and started to read it, even though I didn't understand most of it, especially the Old Testament, but I kept reading it anyway. Just taking it in, whether the mind understands it yet or not, feeds us. Listening to the Bible (KJV for me) on audio cassette tapes in the 1990's, at night, and in the car. Making the Bible my authority, studying it. I did it alone. Anyone can do it. Listening to Bible in audio form is good too. You don't have to be scholarly or educated to understand it. It's food for everyone. I stopped reading other books, especially fiction and fantasy, and only read the Bible. It will bring life, health, healing, learning, and joy. His Word is a light and a lamp for us. Everything is covered about life in His Word. They say there's no guidebook to life, yes there is. God covered EVERYTHING in His Word. It's a gift to us. It shouldn't be a last choice, after all the worldly entertainment and distractions. It should come first. You'll see that it has everything -- poetry, prophecy, adventure, romance, epic battles, mysteries, and even "horror", (for those who think that's cool.)

● I went to church, I got baptized (on my own, my own choice, as an adult, infant baptism is nothing.) In the 1990's. Small buildings, small congregations, no denomination. Solid Biblical teaching, prayer groups and home Bible studies during the week were had. The worship music was a small band that led us in praise, with the lyrics shown on a small screen up front. There were

no flashing lights, or spotlights, or high-tech sound system or stage. The focus was not on the music, it was only a part of the service. Tithes were not mandatory, we gave as we felt led to give. The congregation was not so large that people were strangers, there was a real sense of fellowship and friendship there. The pastor was humble and unassuming. He shared from the heart and was not swelled up with vanity, arrogance, or pride. If a church can be found in these last days that is Biblically solid, it's a rare find. The options are growing fewer and for some, impossible to find. Church attendance will not save us, but being connected to other believers in fellowship is very important. If it's impossible to connect with other believers, just watching other's videos - testimonies and ministries - is a way to connect, even though it's remotely. That's what I do, and it works for me. In a perfect world, I'd be attending a good church nearby. But I make do with what I have. I'll watch some testimonies on youtube, and be so encouraged by them, and also learn new things. Search "Jesus testimony" and lots of people's stories will come up.

● I learned of spiritual warfare, an uncomfortable subject, but it needs to be addressed in our life if we want to move forward in freedom and truth. I learned about open doorways through which demons still had access to me, from sins, and certain activities. I learned how to pray over these things, cut cords, close doors. Jesus does the work, but we need to be aware.

● I found ways to serve Jesus. I learned how easy it was to pass out tracts, drop them anonymously wherever I felt led. Made copies of Christian articles that helped me, and distributed them. This is the first way I learned that I could serve Him. It was easy, fun, and something I could do, as I was still a young believer (I came to Jesus in 1987 at age 17) and still had so much to learn.

● I got married. This eliminated my sinful ways of going from boyfriend to boyfriend. It brought me into a safe place. We were young and had no idea what we were doing, and it was hard. But that was one of the best choices I ever made. I stayed home, raised my daughter, and learned so

much more about God. Learned more of the Bible. Time to study and pray. Marriage automatically cuts us off from more sinning. For those who are compulsive in relationships, on and off, from person to person, marriage stops all that. No expensive wedding is needed. The County Courthouse is right there.

● I learned about idolatry as it pertains to objects and belongings, things in my home. Stuff got thrown away. Books, movies, music. Collections, including all my turtle figurines that I had kept since childhood. Decorations, posters.

● I learned about the End Times, and how we're in them, and how fascinating it is.

● Repentance. Quickly going to Jesus for forgiveness when I sin. Admitting I've sinned, truly sorry for it. Being washed clean in His Blood, getting up, going forward, knowing I'm forgiven. He died for us all, one time on the cross, for all of our sins, past, present, and future. But we must go to Him in prayer (not through a priest) and repent when we sin. It's personal, between us and Him.

● Ending friendships and relationships. The hardest thing on this list. Following Jesus comes with a price - you lose everything. The narrow path won't hold our baggage, we have to leave it all behind, give ourselves and our lives fully to Him. Seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all shall be added... In time, He may bring certain things back to you, or new things, that are much better for you. But what comes back to us is not important. What matters is that we lay it all down, choose the narrow path, and follow Him.

● Learned about Pharmakeia. Drugs, including marijuana, and certain medications that are made to affect the mind. Stopped using all drugs, threw away medications, and stopped drinking alcohol. "Drunkenness" in the Bible is "sorcery", which is witchcraft, an abomination to God. This

is a surprising topic for many people today, when these things are used so commonly.

● Stopped listening to secular (non- Christian) music completely. Another hard cord to cut. Have even pulled away from most Christian music, because of these dark days. The enemy finds channels through almost every form of media these days. It's gotten to where, now, my music of choice is simple instrumental piano, in the background, as I go about my day.

● Stopped all entertainment, and the desire to be entertained.  
No more movies. TV is used minimally. Shopping and malls, no more. Purchasing only what's needed. No casual drinking, no parties. Basically turning my back on the world as we know it.

I could keep writing, but better stop this list here.

I'm still learning, and making changes, so this is definitely an unfinished list. I'm just sharing as I go. These things I listed are basic, as in, things we have to throw overboard if we want to really grow in our walk with Him.

links -

### God's Word - Audio Bible links

- [Dramatized KJV](#)
- [KJV 1 \(Youtube Playlist\)](#)
- [KJV 2 \(Youtube playlist\)](#)
- [KJV dramatized \(Youtube playlist\)](#)
- [KJV Reading](#)

- [The Holy Bible KJV](#)

## Christian learning

- [The Gospel of Matthew movie \(YouTube\)](#)
- [Truthunedited.com](#)
- [Truthunedited Playlists \(YouTube\)](#)
- [The Bible Project](#)
- [The Bible Project \(Playlists, YouTube\)](#)
- [Book of Revelation movie \(YouTube\)](#)

## Spiritual warfare

<https://youtu.be/hl0XTQZ105s>

## Instructions For Living pt. 1

<https://youtu.be/2mbNWdVwihM>

## Instructions For Living pt. 2

<https://youtu.be/Ucc5jaAYn94>

## Encouragement

<https://youtu.be/ZeQZm9QzTUU>

## History of Religion

<https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL5Ea1RHP4Jqqpe7U6PKJAZYXfuF1f5H9Q>

Amy Lohrman Hall

# Come Out Of Her My People

## Revelation 18:1-5

And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory.

2 And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

3 For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies.

4 And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

5 For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.

I believe that the Mystery Babylon spoken of in the Bible is America.

We have to "come out of her", repent, and turn to Jesus, before it's too late.

I do not believe we need to physically move in order to "come out of her".

I left society as I knew it over a period of many years. The process has been difficult, challenging,

exciting, educational, and painful. I have been greatly helped by having physical problems, which pushed me further out of the normal way of doing things in the world, but I started my "drop out" process long before.

What's taking place right now, this Coronavirus, is amazing me. I am amazed to see the whole world on pause, and at home, not knowing what will happen, possibly losing income and opportunities, and facing a very real health crisis. I can't believe it. The entire world is experiencing what I have been enduring all this time.

Rather than taking on a smug and selfish attitude (as many might have right now who've also been broken by this world's system), my thoughts aren't on myself. I can only view myself as someone who's prepared, that's all. When I look at what's happening to everyone right now, my heart hurts for them. I know the fear and uncertainty, the disappointment, the confusion, and how it feels to be suddenly isolated. I have shed tears for the people right now, because I know what this "culture shock" feels like. In my experience, I navigated the dark waters alone through my personal ordeal, but everyone has an advantage right now - mutual support from others, a common understanding, more opportunities for support.

My own personal process of letting go of trying to participate in the way our country has been set up - survival - has brought me to a place in life where I have nothing of monetary value, but I have peace. God has been merciful with me, and I put all of my trust in Him, not the world or money or health or people. And I am happy.

So I'm saying, even when we lose everything in the world, there's still hope, peace, and joy to be had, and give, if we put our trust in Jesus. He will continue to take care of His people.



I came out of the world, and have stopped participating in the normal way of living in America. Yes, some of it was because of my health, but lots of it I have chosen on my own.

I turn my back on the world and all of it's ways.

This leaves me with nothing to hold on to, and yet, I am free.

We all need to come out of the world, and turn to Jesus, and seek Him. We all need to find out what He wants us each to be doing, instead of what the world tells us to be doing. We need to get our priorities aligned right, according to His will.

Time is running out.

This Coronavirus ordeal can be used as a time to get right with Jesus, pick up the Bible and read it. Pray. Give your life to Him. God is merciful, giving us time to come to Him, before it's too late.

amycat1010

Sun. April 5, 2020

May 1, 2020

About my ugly blogs. No, I'm not being annoyingly self-effacing. I mean, my literal ugly blogs. As in, the ones with horrible background colors. Some are done in cold gray, which is fine. But there's one with the worst shade of tan, and another done in that horrible yellowish olive green. They're awful to look at, and that's why I chose those colors for certain blogs. Let me explain.

The blogs with the most important content I made - things about God, mostly videos - I couldn't do up all fun and nice looking, I had to make them ugly and plain. To keep them from being mixed up into my never ending flow of nutty random content. To keep my motives pure. To give them to God, and move on. To keep them visually unappealing, so the messages they contain won't be mixed up with the old vanity of my "art". Does this make sense? Not that anyone asked, but I like explaining things anyway.

I have been reduced, stripped of pride of life, weakened, humbled, vanity purged, pride in accomplishments removed. Basically God has fixed a very deep seated flaw in me (lots, actually) regarding talent, performance, accomplishment, appearances, and pride. That's covering a lot of territory in one sentence, but to simplify, I can sum it up like this - the things I do for Him can not shine and sparkle, they can't be done to win the praise and approval of people, and they can't bring me any personal satisfaction other than simply knowing I served Him, and even then, I do well to forget about it, lest more pride sneaks in.

Backstory: I have been an artist all my life, developing my skills since early childhood, growing in creativity and talent, winning contests and awards in art as a teen, then mobilizing into selling paintings in my 30's, growing stronger and fiercely determined, paintings growing larger and larger, both physically, and in my own head as well. Art... took over. By my early 30's, I was getting paid

for my art. And had all the confidence in the world to carry it further, until...

Ok, here, I must politely link to a recording I did, about how God stopped me in my tracks. I say politely because I am trying hard not to post links anymore. But this audio/video - The Fire Inside - <https://archive.org/details/TheFireInside>

describes the time in my life where God interrupted all my selfish artistic endeavors, put me in "time out" (one of many), and put it on my heart to sit down, and write.

He put an end to me using art, for me. That's not why He gave me talent. Also, He had to cleanse me from some of the actual content I was doing, to make money. Abstract, mostly. But not what He wanted for and from my hands.

My great brain blowout of 2006 - the thing that pushed me out of living life as I knew it - part of what landed me in the ER was encephalitis. At that time, they also tested my blood, and found that I had, or recently had, West Nile virus. One of my diagnoses was West Nile Induced Encephalitis (in addition to other things they found, such as the lesion in my brain, but that's another story). One of the things I had been doing prior to having seizures and confusion and disorientation in the Fall of 2006 was .... painting. After God told me not to. I was tempted... and did just one more... and glossed it in polymer resin. I think I accidentally breathed some in, because I did that last painting in my apartment, with no ventilation. Just one more painting, real quick, I thought. I'll show it and sell it. It'll pay some bills...

Just days after that last painting, my head began to swell internally, fire headache, pressure beyond describing. Crying, disoriented, barely able to drive to work, breaking down at work. Next thing I know I'm in the ER getting my head scanned. The rest is a very, very long and confusing story...

Because they found West Nile in my blood, they said that was the cause of the brain infection. But... the headache from hell started just a day or two after glossing that painting.

It's confusing, but, I think I know what happened. I was already struggling with fluid buildup in my brain, and this was the cause of my seizures. That had been going on for a while, and the brain scan showed hydrocephalus, which confirmed what I already knew. (I asked God in prayer what on earth was happening to me, and I heard in my spirit about fluid building up in me, where synovial fluid should have been, but is not, because of the bone condition I was born with...) So the water on the brain was already going on, and I think that extra fluid got inflamed/infected by the gloss fumes. That's how I ended up with encephalitis. Am I rambling? Wait, there's more...

I truly believe God punished me for doing "just one more painting". It took a couple of years to recover from that, and I'm still not the same. I lost everything when that happened, and still haven't recovered in those areas. It broke me.

It all goes back to my bones, and how the condition I was born with (congenital skeletal asymmetry) is changing and progressing as I age. I'm ok, and after 5 years of not being able to walk, or even stand up, I'm up again, and gaining strength, because God decided to heal me.

When He says He's healing me, I don't question it. I don't know if He fixed my bones, or did maintenance work on me so I can walk, but whatever He did, I trust Him.

The fluid buildup problem in my brain is also fixed. The fluid still forms, but now it comes out. But that's a story for another day.

So what does all this have to do with art, and my ugly blogs?

Do I have to explain that? Ok. I can create now, and be creative, but it's to serve Him, not myself, and none of the old prideful art skill of my youth is allowed back in. The cartoons I made are dumb and ugly, but carry messages that might benefit others. (not all, but lots of them). And the blogs I put together that have to do with God, can't be pretty on the outside, because vanity.

See, my God had to beat the bad out of me, so He could use me the way He wanted to. And I'm going to obey Him, because I really don't want to have to sit down in a wheelchair for 5 years again.

And that's the story of My Ugly Blogs.

amycat1010

May 1, 2020 ( 2)

I wrote this poem recently -

If I Live

If I have eyes  
that work real fine  
may they see past  
problems of mine

If I have hands  
to hold and give  
may they be used  
to help others live

If I have feet  
to walk around  
may they bring light  
where darkness is found

If I have a mouth  
and words come out  
may it speak of hope  
where there is doubt

If I have a brain  
filled with thought  
may it openly share  
the stuff it was taught

If I have a heart  
warm and living  
may it love others  
sharing and giving

But if I falter  
doomin' and gloomin'  
that's ok  
I'm only human

(I originally posted this under the name "Amy's Poetry Shack")

Ok. So, I went on a poem writing rampage recently, most of them goofy, and posted under Birdtown Comics. I had to stop. I don't know why. I don't ever understand why I stop myself when I don't have to. I guess I'm just so used to messing up, that I stop myself, before I'm in trouble with God? And have to pay a high price of some sort?

Well, today, I was feeling good, and started to make up a poem in my head, it's about old people -

# The Old Man

I am wrinkled  
and old in years  
why is there hair  
coming out of my ears

I was once strong  
full of adventures  
now I wear  
fitted dentures

...and then I made myself stop, because it started to go downhill fast, I was going to rhyme something with incontinence, or something along those lines. But if I do that, God might punish me and make ME incontinent. That's how it always is with me.

So nevermind on writing more poems, I have a poor taste streak that might get me in trouble.

But, about this poem, If I live... I was thinking about it tonight, and how true it really is. What made me think of it was, tonight I stood up and folded the laundry, then easily put it away, standing the whole time. It's been a long time since I've done that. Usually I just sit and fold it, then my husband puts it away. But I'm getting strong again, and it feels great.

And so I thought tonight, if I never would have gone through that time of weakness, and not able to walk, I never would have known the joy of basic physical strength, or appreciated it this much.



Also, I used to think strength was about bigger and better things in the world - like conquering huge challenges, or mountain climbing, or anything athletic, and so on. But I've learned - all we really need is enough strength for our everyday lives. If you can get up and take care of your basic needs, do your daily tasks, your job maybe... you have strength enough.

We really don't need to be anything more than we already are, physically. Our strength for each day is enough.

Can we please get rid of all the superhero stuff? And idolizing athletes? And can somebody please let the Mount Everest conquerors that it's ok not to reach the top of a physical mountain? And we don't have to be rich, perfect, talented, beautiful, intelligent, powerful humans?

Also, forget all that motivational junk. It's ok to be weak and tired, and not ready to move forward.

Jesus gives us His strength, when we are in Him. His strength is more than enough.

amycat1010

"Climate change" -

Deceptive term for end time judgements on the earth, as foretold in Revelation. Also, man-made consequences of our own negligent ways. But overall, it's end time problems. The enemy knows this, and

has put this lie in the heads of those who don't know God - that "climate change" should be fought against, rallied about, protested over, all activists activated. The enemy (Satan) has a cover up lie for everything that might cause people to see that the Bible is true, and prophesied these things long ago.

The irony here is the very ones angry about the increasing global environmental issues are the ones who are blindly walking in the ways of darkness, bringing about these judgements from the hand of God. So, uh, if you want real change... look in the mirror.

The problem is sin.

Leftists and Liberals are confused, raising their voices and shaking their fists at man, government, and other things of the world, oblivious to The Creator, the One Who holds all things in His hands, and is in control.

We Christians know and understand the times we're in, and that's why you don't see us protesting in the streets. We're not innocent, we too sin, but are quick to repent. We're no better than anyone else, just forgiven.

As for the global warming part of "climate change"? My opinion is this - hell has grown larger in order to accomodate it's inhabitants, and the whole earth is suffering the effects of the increasing heat.

Isaiah 5:14

Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure: and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.

Sounds crazy to the outsider, I know. But from a Biblical perspective, it all lines up.

There's nothing we can do to stop what was prophesied in the Book of Revelation. We must repent, be ready to meet Jesus. Chaos will increase, disasters will continue. Things will deteriorate until He comes and makes everything new. We can't avoid this. Protesting is futile. Go to God, not man. That's where things can change - from a humble position of prayer, not shouting in anger at the imperfect world around us.

We should take care of our environment, it's a responsibility of mankind. But this world as we know it is passing away.

This kind of talk seems nuts to those who don't know His Word, and fear God. But submitting to Him and trusting Him, through good times and bad, is what brings about peace in our hearts.

amycat1010

Dec. 6, 2019

## "Self Help"

This is going to be somewhat of a disclaimer regarding my own online creations. I feel the need to say this now, it matters.

I am a Christian. I believe that Jesus is the answer to every problem. I believe that He can heal us of anything - physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. I believe that we, as Christians, are no longer "our own", but bought with a price (His blood), redeemed, and sanctified. I do not belong to myself, I'm His.

I no longer follow my own desires or my own will. I follow Him and His authority in my life. He never fails me, or leads me astray.

So what does this have to do with "self help"?

On my personal journey I have experienced many, many struggles, trials, traumas, tribulations. I have known complete brokenness, including mentally. Without getting too deep, I'll just say a big part of my journey has been marked with many mental problems that I've had to overcome. Lots of these issues have found their way into my online stuff - comics, cartoons, and certain videos. If a person didn't know me, they might label my creations as "self help", because not everything I made and posted makes it clear that I'm a Christian, and not everything I made gives obvious glory to God. I myself have even deliberately placed labels and tags on some of my stuff as "self help", because that's the term we use today to cover this sort of thing.

My goal has always been, from the very beginning of my walk with Jesus, to introduce others to Him. I've been "working the door", so to speak. I've been standing in the darkness, motioning with one hand for people to come in, while holding the "door" open with the other hand. I want to tell people of Jesus and I want everyone to know of Him. But I haven't been called to speak in churchy, religious environments. Rather, I've been called to speak in dark places.

In order to do this, I have exposed myself and shared my personal struggles with everyone. I've allowed myself to be transparent. To be someone they can relate to and identify with. Not all of my posted material appears "Christian" on the surface.

If all Christians stayed behind the safety of Christian environments, only connected with other believers, how then will the lost be found? Who will reach them? How can we assume they'll eventually stumble upon some Christian ministry and be saved?

Some of us are called to work in the dark.

So, that being said, I want to make my statement here. I honestly do not believe, or recommend, "self help". I believe in "Jesus help".

I'm not into psychology or any of that, even though I myself have carried around a broken mind for so long. I know first-hand the healing power of Jesus. He puts broken things back together and makes them better than before.

He restored me.

So, if you happen to know me, and know that this is just one of my online names, and there's lots

of stuff I did with the "self help" label - this is why. Just wanted to clear that up.

Galatians 1:8-9

8 But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.

9 As we said before, so say I now again, if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.

I think that the whole self-help thing has grown into it's own gospel, the Gospel of Psychology and Self.

This is not to say we shouldn't help ourselves, and take no personal responsibility with our actions and choices, etc.

I just know where the real solutions and healing are found, and His Name is Jesus.

amycat1010

## The Choice

I needed to know  
which way to go  
So I broke  
and everything was slow

I said goodbye  
to being entertained  
A love of simplicity  
I have gained

No hot dates  
no boyfriends to see  
My husband takes  
good care of me

I'm no fashionista  
no stylish hottie  
in simple threads  
I cover my body

The world is not  
mine to roam

I dwell within  
a simple home

Free from cars  
it's quite a treat  
For transport I have  
my own two feet

I'm happy to say  
no money is mine  
For gold I have  
God's sunshine

My luxury is  
a bubble bath  
I have chosen  
the narrow path

Amy's Poetry Shack  
Feb. 8, 2020



## Pray Your Way Through Life

This morning, while praying, I thanked God for helping me with everything, literally, every single little thing in my life, big problems, average, everyday problems, all the way down to trivial, almost imaginary problems. I've been a praying Christian for over 30 years now, and am now at the point of literally praying over everything, giving Him my burdens, anxieties, questions, frustrations, obstacles, and everything else - and He brings light to the dark for me. He never fails me. I trust Him for everything and can't imagine not knowing Him now.

As I was praying earlier, I thought, and said to Him, "if only I had known You all along - if only I had been praying to You all along, throughout my childhood. If only I had prayed my way through my whole life...", and my mind reflected on a series of situations and problems throughout my childhood and teenage years that would have been completely different had I known Him, and that I could go to Him in prayer, on my own, for help with every little thing. If only I would have known!

So, I can't go back in time, and tell 8 year old me that those priests at Mass aren't helping me in my walk with God, no, they're not even teaching me to walk on my own with God, not in the slightest, so go through the motions child, be obedient, but at home, in your own room, you, even you, at 8 years old, can get on your knees and pray to Him. God is your Dad and He loves you. He will hear your prayers and help you through everything. When you need to cry, you can go and cry to Him and tell Him what's wrong, and He will listen. He cares. And He will help you... No, I can't go back in time and say those things to childhood me, but I can do my part to tell others about Him, now.

I think of all the children and teenagers everywhere who don't know Him, or anything about Him, except maybe the lies they have been told, or that He's not real, or that He's "everywhere and

inside all of us" (universal, new age junk). I think of them and want them to know that there is a light in this dark world, and His name is Jesus Christ, and Jesus is Lord, He is God - and He loves them all so much, and wants them all to come and get to know Him, and trust Him for everything, and be healed and set free and saved by Him. And that He cares for every detail in our lives, He cares about our schooling, our friends, our activities, even our pets. He cares about everything going on in our lives, and we can pray about everything, on our own, with nobody else around. Just you and Jesus.

His Word tells us not to make a long show out of prayer, not to go on and on with endless words, thinking God will hear us more if we use more words (for that purpose), but when we pray, to go into our room (but any private place will do), shut the door, and pray. This is available to us all, even those who don't know Him.

Call on the name of Jesus, and He will hear you. He loves you so much. He is the way to life, He is the light, and the love, the help, the comfort, the wisdom, the truth, the peace, and the joy. Jesus is the One. The only One. And he loves you beyond anything you can imagine.

amycat1010

Fri. April 10, 2020